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Icelandic Poetry,

or

The Edda of Saemund

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE,

BY

A. S. COTTLE,

of MAGDALEN COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

Si noſtrum areret ingenium, de vetuſtatis poſſet
fontibus irrigari.

HIEROME.

BRISTOL:

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

INTRODUCTION.

THE Northern nations maintained a doubtful conteſt with Rome, even in the moſt glorious period of the Republic—but when Rome had ſunk into depraved ſlavery, the enthuſiaſm of a fierce ſuperſtition prevailed, and the face of Europe has been changed by its ſucceſs. The tenets of this ſuperſtition muſt be ſought for in the Edda.

The original inhabitants of Europe according to ſome writers, conſiſted of two diſtinct races of men, the Celts and *Sarmatians. The latter they ſay were the

* If any perſon would wiſh to ſee this queſtion more fully diſcuſſed he will find it in Percy's Northern Antiquities.

Anceſtors of the Ruſſians, Poles, Bohemians and Walachians. From the former deſcended the ancient inhabitants of Gaul, Germany, Scandinavia, Britain and Spain. But by others this poſition is denied, ſo far however as relates to the Celts. Theſe maintain that Germany, Scandinavia, Gaul and Britain, were not inhabited by the deſcendants of one ſingle race; but divided between the Celtic who were the anceſtors of the Gauls, Britons, and Iriſh; and the Gothic or Teutonic, from whom the Germans, Belgians, Saxons and Scandinavians derive their origin.

Two reaſons may be aſſigned for this difference of opinion. One from the ſimilarity of language, the other, of cuſtom. In remote ages prior to hiſtory, and the improvements of ſcience, the bounds and limits of each nation were

but faintly diſtinguiſhed. The barbarous inhabitants of Europe, roving and unſettled, oſten varied their ſituation. At one time they ſeized this part of the country, at another, were driven from it by ſome ſtronger tribe of Barbarians, or ſpontaneouſly left it in ſearch of ſome new ſettlement. Thus Cæſar informs us that the Gauls often migrated acroſs the Rhine into Germany, and on the other hand, the Germans into Gaul. By theſe means the languages and cuſtoms of each became blended together, till in time, hiſtorians were led to believe that they were both originally deſcended from the ſame ſtock. The Roman writers had ſuch a confuſed and indiſtinct knowledge of the deſcent and character of the northern nations of Europe, that they confounded both the Celts and Goths with the Sarmatians, who are well known to have been

a diſtinct nation from them both. Thus Zoſimus, an hiſtorian of the third century, includes them all under the common name of Scythians; and this at a time when, after their long and frequent intercourſe with the Romans, their hiſtorians ought to have been taught to diſtinguiſh them better.

But notwithſtanding the general reſemblances between the Germans and Gauls, or in other words, the Teutonic and Celtic nations, they are ſufficiently diſtinguiſhed from each other, and differ conſiderably in their perſon, manners, laws, religion, and language.

Cæſar expreſsly aſſures us, that the Celts or inhabitants of Gaul, differed in language, cuſtom, and laws, from the Belgæ, on the one hand, who were chiefly a Teutonic people, and from the inhabitants of Aquitain on the other, who

from their vicinity to Spain, were probably of Iberian extraction; and Cæſar ought certainly to be conſidered as complete maſter of the ſubject. Tacitus alſo has obſerved a ſtriking difference in the perſons of the Germans, Gauls, and Spaniards.

They differed alſo in cuſtoms and manners. To inſtance only in one point, among the Germans, the wife did not give a dowry to her huſband, but the huſband to the wife. Among the Gauls, the huſband received a portion in money with his wife, for which he made her a ſuitable ſettlement of his goods.

They differed no leſs in their inſtitutions and laws. The Celtic nations do not appear to have had that equal plan of liberty, which was the peculiar characteriſtic of all the Gothic tribes, and

which they carried with them, and planted wherever they made ſettlements. On the contrary, in Gaul, all the freedom and power chiefly centered among the Druids and the chief men, whom Cæſar calls Equites or Knights: but the inferior people were little better than in a ſtate of ſlavery; whereas the meaneſt German was independent and free.

But if none of theſe proofs of their being two diſtinct people exiſted, the difference between their religion and language would decide the controverſy at once.

Among the Celts, there was a peculiar Hierarchy or ſacred College, which had the entire conduct of all their religious and even civil affairs. The members of this inſtitution, who were Druids, ſerved them both for Magiſtrates and Prieſts: but among the Gothic and Teutonic

nations, nothing of this kind is to be found. It is true the Gothic nations had their prieſts, but they bore no more reſemblance to the Druids, than to the Pontiffs of the Greeks and Romans, or any other Pagan people.

The Druids believed in the tranſmigration of the ſoul. The Teutonic nations, on the contrary, held that there was a fixed Elyſium, and a hell, where the valiant and juſt were rewarded, and where the cowardly and the wicked ſuffered puniſhment. The deſcription of theſe places forms a great part of the Edda.

In many other inſtances, the inſtitutions of the Druids were extremely different from thoſe of the Gothic nations. The former frequently burnt a great quantity of human victims alive, in large wicker images, as an offering to their

Gods. The Gothic nations, though like all other Pagans, they occaſionally defiled their altars with human blood, appear never to have had any cuſtom like this.

The Druids venerated the oak and the miſtletoe, the latter of which was regarded by them, as the moſt divine and ſalutary of plants, and gathered with very peculiar ceremonies. In the Gothic mythology, if any tree ſeems to have been regarded with more particular attention than others, it is the aſh, as appears by its deſcripton in the Song of Grimner, and the frequent alluſions that are made to it in other parts of the Edda. But as for miſtletoe, it is repreſented rather as a contemptible and miſchievous ſhrub.

But what particularly diſtinguiſhes the Celtic inſtitutions from thoſe of the Gothic nations, is that remarkable air of

ſecrecy with which the Druids conceal-ed their doctrines from the vulgar; for-bidding that they ſhould be ever com-mitted to writing, and upon that account not having ſo much as an alphabet of their own. In this, the inſtitutions of Odin and the Gothic Scalds or Poets were quite the reverſe. No barbarous people were ever ſo addicted to writing, as appears from the innumerable quantity of Runic inſcriptions ſcattered all over the North; no barbarous people ever held letters in higher reverence, aſcri-bing the invention of them to their chief Deity, and attributing to the letters them-ſelves ſupernatural virtues.

From a very few rude and ſimple tenets originally, thoſe wild fablers called ſcalds or poets had, in the courſe of eight or nine centuries, invented and raiſed an amazing ſtructure of fiction. We muſt

not, therefore, ſuppoſe that all the fables of the Edda were equally known to the Gothic nations of every age or tribe. As truth is uniform and ſimple, ſo error is moſt irregular and various; and it is very poſſible, that different fables and different obſervances might prevail among the ſame people in different times and countries. This, poſſibly, may account for the diſſimilar relations concerning the ſame facts, which are found in the Edda of Sæmund and that of Snorro.

From the imperfect knowledge of the divine attributes, all pagan nations are extremely apt to intermix ſomething local with the idea of the divinity, to ſuppoſe peculiar Deities preſiding over certain diſtricts, and to worſhip this or that God with particular rites, which were only to be obſerved in one certain ſpot. Hence, to inattentive foreigners, there

might appear a difference of religion among nations who all maintained, at the bottom, one common creed; and this will account for whatever diſagreement is remarked between the ancient writers, in their deſcriptions of the Gods of the ancient Germans: it will alſo account for whatever difference may appear between the imperfect relations of the Roman hiſtorians, and the full diſplay of the Gothic mythology, held forth in the Edda of Sæmund. It is indeed very probable, that only the firſt rudiments of the Gothic religion had begun to be formed, when the Germans were firſt known to the Romans: and when the Saxons made their irruptions into Britain, though they had the ſame general belief concerning Odin, Thor, Frigga, &c, yet probably the complete ſyſtem had not arrived to the full maturity it

afterwards attained under the inventive hands of the Scalds.

As a particular account of Odin has been omitted in the notes of this volume, it will be ſupplied here.

Odin is believed to have been the name of the one true God, among the firſt colonies who came from the Eaſt, and peopled Germany and Scandinavia, and among their poſterity for ſeveral ages. But at length a mighty conqueror, the leader of a new army of adventurers from the Eaſt, over-ran the North of Europe, erected a great Empire, aſſumed the name of Odin, and claimed the honors which had been formerly paid to that Deity. The Icelandic chronicles repreſent him as the moſt eloquent and perſuaſive of men; they aſcribe to him the introduction of the art of poetry among the Scandinavians, and likewiſe the inven-

tion of the Runic characters. He had alſo the addreſs to perſuade his followers that he could over-run the world in the twinkling of an eye; that he had the direction of the air and tempeſts; that he could transform himſelf into all ſhapes, could raiſe the dead, could foretel things to come, deprive his enemies by enchantment, of health and vigor, and diſcover all the treaſures hid in the earth. They add, that by his tender and melodious airs, he could make the plains and Mountains open and expand with delight; and that the ghoſts, thus attracted, would leave their infernal caverns, and ſtand motionleſs about him. Nor was he leſs dreadful and furious in battle; changing himſelf into the ſhape of a bear, a wild bull, or a lion, and amidſt ranks of enemies committing the moſt horrible devaſtation, without receiving any wound

himſelf. When he had extended his power, and increaſed his fame by conqueſt and artifice, he determined to die in a different way from other men. He aſſembled his friends and with the ſharp point of a lance, he made in his body nine different wounds in the form of a circle; and when expiring he declared that he was going to Scythia, where he ſhould become an immortal God. He added, that he would prepare bliſs and felicity for thoſe of his countrymen who lived a virtuous life, who fought with bravery, and who died like heroes in the field of battle. This injunction had the deſired effect: his countrymen ſuperſtitiouſly believed him, and conſtantly recommended themſelves to his protection when they engaged in battle; and they entreated him to receive the ſouls of ſuch as fell in war.

It remains to give ſome account of the reputed author of theſe odes.

Sæmund was born in the year 1056. His father's name was Sigfus, and his mother's Thoreya.

Sæmund, when a boy, leaving his native country, travelled into foreign parts for the ſake of acquiring knowledge; and dwelt there ſo long, that he was nearly forgotten by his countrymen; till Jonas the ſon of Ogmund, biſhop of Holenſis, travelling to Rome, ſearched for him and brought him back to his native country, in the year 1078.

When he returned home, he occupied a farm which was his hereditary poſſeſſion, called *Odda*, ſituated in the Southern part of the iſland, and took upon himſelf the ſacerdotal office. In this he behaved ſo well,

that he was called the ornament and ſupport of the Icelandic church; and this not without ſufficient reaſon, for he was by far the moſt learned and pious of all his cotemporaries.

He married a wife whoſe name was Gudruna, the daughter of Kolbein, by whom he had many children, who were eſteemed among the moſt illuſtrious of the iſland. Sæmund himſelf was one of the governors, and ſhewed himſelf well qualified for that high office, in the diſpute that took place between Thorgil the ſon of Odd, and Halfid the ſon of Mar. Theſe were men of great power, and had engaged on their ſeparate ſides, almoſt all the nobility of the iſland; but by the good offices of Sæmund and others, they became ſpeedily reconciled. To Sæmund it was, on account of his great knowledge in antiquity, that *Arras*,

as well as others, ſubmitted the hiſtories they had written of their country for reviſion.

Sæmund, not content to inſpect the works of others, began, after the example of *Arras*, to reſcue the antiquities of his country from oblivion. He was then about 70 years of age. It is certain that he wrote the hiſtory of Norway, from Harald Harfagre, or the Fair-haired, to Magnus the good. A few remains of this hiſtory are ſeen in the writings of an anonymous perſon, who from documents thence derived, has written in Icelandic verſes of little note, an account of a ſeries of Kings, and the ancient hiſtory of Norway.

According to ſome, he died at the age of eighty, in the year 1133; and according to others, 1135. But the accounts that are left of him are ſo blended with

the fabulous, that it is very difficult at this diſtance of time to ſpeak with certainty either about himſelf or his writings.

Concerning the EDDA, which is aſcribed to Sæmund, it is neceſſary to obſerve, that for ſeveral ages it remained undiſcovered; but was at laſt found by one Bryniolfus Suenonius in the year 1639. It was then written on parchment, in a very obſcure character; but by the labors of the learned diſcoverer, its meaning was fully aſcertained, and an exact tranſcript of it taken. He it was who firſt called it the Edda of Sæmund. Thormadus Torfæus obtained the manuſcript of Bryniolfus. He was Hiſtoriographer to the King of Norway, and a great Antiquarian. For a long time it was preſerved in his Muſeum, and ſhown only as a curioſity to the

learned. Reſenius at laſt obtained the manuſcript from Torfæus. Beſide this, there were ſeveral writings which could challenge as great, if not greater antiquity than the manuſcript of Bryniolfus. They were all, however, connected together, and mutually threw light upon each other.

There are two opinions concerning the title given to theſe Odes. One is of Olaus, who in his notes to the Voluſpa, aſſerts that Sæmund, wiſhing to reſcue from oblivion the Mythology of his anceſtors, which in his time was chiefly traditionary, compoſed thoſe odes in the Icelandic language which bear his name, and having completed them, gave them the name of Edda. Oppoſite to this is the opinion of Gudmundus; according to whom Sæmund was the firſt perſon who introduced the knowledge of the

latin into the iſland, and tranſlated the popular odes he there found, written in the Runic character, into that language: neither does he think that he added to, or altered them in the leaſt. Reſenius, in his preface to the Voluſpa, ſeems to have adopted the ſame opinion. Bryniolfus and Wormius were of the former opinion. But however it is, the great antiquity of theſe odes muſt be acknowledged. Runalfus Jonas, in his diſſertation on the elements of the Northern languages, does not ſcruple to aſſert, that the mythology of theſe odes, and probably a great part of the odes themſelves, are as ancient as the times when the Aſiatics firſt came into the North of Europe. The opinions contained in theſe odes, therefore, he traces up to the Erythrean Sybil, which is known to have exiſted before the times of the Trojan war.

To the attentive reader of the Northern antiquities, a ſtriking ſimilarity will appear between them and the Grecian. Odin appears to be the Northern Adonis. He was beloved by Frigga, who repreſents Venus, and is killed at laſt by a Wolf, as Adonis was by a boar. He may alſo be compared with Mercury, on account of his eloquence, and authority over the ſouls of departed heroes, when they arrive at Valhalla. Horace ſays of Mercury—

> Tu pias lætis animas reponis
> Sedibus, virgaque levem coerces
> Aurea turbam, ſuperis Deorum
> Gratus, et imis.

Lok may be compared to the Apollo of the Grecians. Apollo was believed to be the author of plagues; ſo we find in the Voluſpa, Lok threatening the Gods that he would ſpread infection through

the air. In the twilight of the Gods, alſo, he is to fight with, and deſtroy Heimdaller, the God of the Air. Apollo, by the Grecians, is called Loxias, either, it is ſuppoſed, on account of the obliquity of the Zodiac, in which the ſun goes, or the ambiguity of his oracles, or laſtly from λοχος, inſidiæ. This exactly agrees with the character of Lok, who is called the architect of guile, &c. The wolf alſo was ſacred to Apollo, and Fenrir, the moſt voracious of wolves, was the ſon of Lok. At the feaſt of Ager, he ſeems to have acted the part of Momus. There is an odd coincidence of thought between this ode and the wanton wife of Bath. Thor in many things is ſimilar to Hercules. He fought with the ſerpent of Midgard—Hercules with the Hydra: he overcame the Giants—ſo did Hercules. The armour of Thor and Hercules bear alſo

ſome reſemblance. The former carried a Mallet, wore a girdle of courage, and defended his hands with gauntlets—Hercules had his Club, his Lion's ſkin, and his Cæſti. Thor alſo bears ſome analogy to the Grecian Jupiter who overthrew the Giants with his thunder as Thor did with his mallet. Balder, on account of his beauty, was ſuppoſed to be the God of the ſun. It is ſaid that all nature, together with Frigga and the Gods, grieved for his death—this ſeems very analagous to the fables of Adonis and Atys. Tyr anſwers to Mars, and alſo to Hercules. One fought with Cerberus, the other with Garmer. Heimdaller preſided over the Ether. This was the office that the Grecians aſſigned to Minerva. There is alſo a ſimilarity of names between the Northern and Grecian Goddeſſes—Frigga ſounds like Dea Phrygia, Loduna like

Latona. For more reaſons than this, Loduna may be ſuppoſed to be the Grecian Latona, for they were both ſuppoſed to inhabit an Iſland, undiſturbed with ſtorms, fertile in the extreme, and cloathed with verdure twice in the year. Freya bears ſome reſemblance to Venus; ſhe was inconſolable at the loſs of her huſband, as Venus was at the loſs of Adonis; the pig was ſacrificed to Venus, and the boar to Freya; Freya and Frigga moreover, bear ſome reſemblance to Juno and Diana, becauſe, like them, they were invoked by pregnant women. The Nornæ of the Northern nations, ſeem to anſwer to the Parcæ of the Greeks and Latins, for they were equally eſteemed the arbiters of the life of men. The Northern notions concerning Genii who ſhun the light, magic rites, and the emigration of the ſoul from the body, may

be traced to the Orphic myſteries of Thrace. Odin's head of Mimer may be compared to the head of Orpheus, which was ſaid to utter oracles; and Heidruna, the goat of Odin, to that by which Jupiter was nouriſhed. To theſe ſimilitudes may be added alſo, the eyes of the ſons of Thiaz, which like thoſe of Argus were converted into ſtars, that ornamented the tail of the bird of Juno. The whole earth was alſo bound by Juno, not to reveal the place where Latona brought forth: Frigga, in the ſame manner, exacted an oath from Nature, not to hurt her favorite Balder. Sigard eat the heart and drank the blood of a ſerpent, by means of which he was enabled to underſtand the language of birds; the ſame circumſtance is related alſo of Democritus, Melampus, and Apollonius Thyaneus. All theſe circumſtances

plainly demonſtrate the antiquity of the Northern Mythology.

With reſpect to the morals of theſe Odes, it may be obſerved, that the fate of Freyer, like that of Phaeton, aroſe from the exceſs of curioſity; for through that he fell in love with a woman who was a mortal, loſt his ſword, and fell in his conflict with Surtur. Tyr loſt his hand as a puniſhment for his temerity; and learnt by ſad experience that, *in audaces non ſit audacia tuta.* We ſee, in the ſong of Harbard, the preſumptous ſtrength of Thor ridiculed by Odin; and the excellencies of the mind advantageouſly contraſted with it.

To comprehend fully in all its parts, the meaning of the Northern mythology, requires a ſecond Apollo or Œdipus. The eagle, therefore, the aſh of Yggdraſil, Nidhogger gnawing at its roots, and

Ratatoſk the ſquirrel, with many other circumſtances, muſt ever remain enveloped in obſcurity.

Verſtegan, a learned writer of Northern antiquities in the reign of Charles the Firſt, is of opinion that the Northern and Grecian Mythologies are in no way connected together. But that when the Romans carried their arms into the North of Europe, curioſity led them to trace analogies between the two religions; and the vanquiſhed perhaps flattered their conquerors in aſſimilating the name and character of their Deities, as much as poſſible, to thoſe who were held in eſteem among the Romans.

The tranſlator has omitted one ode in this ſeries, on account of its containing nothing of the Northern Mythology. It is filled with little elſe

but the abſurd ſuperſtitions of the Church of Rome.

BRISTOL, Nov. 1, 1797.

TO

A. S. COTTLE,

FROM

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

AMOS! I did not leave without regret
The pleaſant home of Burton. Many months
Of tranquilleſt retirement had endear'd
The low abode, and I had ſometimes heard
The voice of friendſhip there, and paſs'd with thee
Hours of ſuch blameleſs merriment as ſtill
Make memory chearful. Nor wilt thou forget
How with hard toil and difficult aſcent
We ſcaled the ruining cliff, and often paus'd
That the ſea-breeze might cool our throbbing brows,
And gazed upon the ocean, ſhadowed half
By gathered clouds, beyond whoſe darker line

Its pale grey ſplendour, far as ſight could reach
Roſe like another ſky. Nor will my friend
Forget the ſcenes of ſimpleſt character,
The hill that from the water'd vale abrupt
Starts up, upon whoſe dark and heathy ſide
Often at evening I have lain me down,
And dwelt upon the green and goodly vale,
Its mazy ſtreams and tufted villages,
Rich in the ſunſhine now, now half embrown'd
By the long ſweeping ſhadows, till my ſoul
Had entered in the deep and quiet joy
All its huſh'd powers. And thou wilt ſometimes love
With memory's eye to trace the ruined pile
Beneath whoſe ancient foot with ceaſeleſs lapſe
The eternal ſtream flows on, and that old Keep
Thro' whoſe long rifted chaſm the far-ſeen light
Fixes the traveller's eye, and the white cliffs
That riſing ſtately o'er the diſtant deep
Shine ſilvery in the noon. But thou haſt view'd
Theſe ſcenes like one who paſſes thro' a land
Where his heart is not; I, my friend, long time
Had ſojourn'd there, and I am one who form

With each minuteſt circumſtance of place
Acquaintance, and the unfrequented field
Where many a day I walk in ſolitude,
Is as a friend to me. Nor have I left
That unfrequented field unſorrowing,
Over whoſe wooded limits the church tower
Aroſe in ſingle majeſty: its bank
Was edged with feathery fern, that ſeem'd to form
A little foreſt to the inſect tribes
Who lived there, and were happy; and the ſun
O'er the red ripeneſs of the bending graſs
Pour'd a glad ſmile. A pleaſant place it was!
And, Amos! I could wiſh that thou and I
And thy good brother, who in my heart holds
Almoſt a brother's place, might once again,
With as few earthly cares to ruffle us,
Meet in that low abode.

But now I know
Thro' wildeſt ſcenes of ſtrange ſublimity,
Building the Runic rhyme, thy Fancy roves;

Niflhil's nine worlds, and Surtur's fiery plain,
And where upon Creation's uttermoſt verge,
The weary Dwarfs, that bear the weight of Heaven,
Hope the long winter that no ſpring muſt cheer,
And the laſt ſound that from Heimdaller's trump
Shall echo thro' all worlds, and ſound the knell
Of earth and heaven.

A ſtrange and ſavage faith
Of mightieſt power! it fram'd the unfeeling ſoul
Stern to inflict and ſtubborn to endure,
That laugh'd in death. When round the poiſon'd breaſt
Of Regner clung the viper brood, and trail'd
Their coiling length along his feſtering wounds,
He, fearleſs in his faith, the death-ſong pour'd,
And lived in his paſt fame; for ſure he hoped
Amid the Spirits of the mighty dead
Soon to enjoy the fight. And when his ſons
Avenged their father's fate, and like the wings

Of ſome huge eagle *ſpread the ſevered ribs
Of Ella, in the ſhield-roof'd hall they thought
One day from Ella's ſkull to quaff the mead,
Their valours guerdon.

Wild the Runic faith,
And wild the realms where Scandinavian Chiefs
And Scalds aroſe, and hence the Scalds' ſtrong verſe

* Apud Anglos, Danos, aliaſque nationes Boreales, victor ignominiâ ſummâ debellatum adverſarium affecturus, gladium circa ſcapulas ad ſpinam dorſi adigebat, coſtaſque, ampliſſimo per corporis longitudinem facto vulnere, utrinque a ſpinâ ſeperabet, quæ, ad latera deductæ, alas repræſentabent Aquilinas. Hoc genus mortis vocabant *Aquilam in dorſo alicujus delincere*. Gloſſarium Iſlandicum M. S. S. ejuſmodi vulnus ſive plagam teſtatur. In Jarlasagu, "tunc Comes Einarus in dorſo Halfdani Aquilinam excitavit plagam, ita ut gladium dorſo adigerit, omneſque coſtas a ſpinâ ſeperaret uſque ad lumbos, indeque pulmones extraxit." In Ormsagu, "Ormerus evaginato gladio in dorſo Erufi Aquilinam inflexit plagam, ſeparatis a dorſo coſtis, and pulmonibus exemptis.

Stephanus Stephanius.

The death of Regner Lothbrog is well known. His ſons revenged him by thus executing Ella of Northumberland.

Partook the ſavage wildneſs. And methinks
Amid ſuch ſcenes as theſe, the Poet's ſoul
Might beſt attain full growth; pine-cover'd rocks,
And mountain foreſts of eternal ſhade,
And glens and vales, on whoſe green quietneſs
The lingering eye repoſes, and fair lakes
That image the light foliage of the beech,
Or the grey glitter of the aſpen leaves
On the ſtill bough thin trembling. Scenes like theſe
Have almoſt lived before me, when I gazed
Upon their fair reſemblance traced by *him
Who ſung the baniſh'd man of Ardebeil,
Or to the eye of Fancy held by †her,
Who among women left no equal mind
When from this world ſhe paſs'd; and I could weep,
To think that *She* is to the grave gone down!

*Alluding to ſome views in Norway, taken by Mr. Charles Fox—Whoſe Plaints, Conſolations, and Delights of Achmed Ardebeili, from the Perſian, are well known.

† Mary Wollſtonecraft.

Were I, my friend, a ſolitary man,
Without one tie in life to anchor me,
I think that I would wander far to view
Such ſcenes as theſe, for they would fill a heart
That loathes the commerce of this wretched world,
And ſickens at its hollow gaieties.
And ſure it were moſt pleaſant when the day
Was young, to roam along the mountain path,
And mark the upmoſt pines, or grey with age,
Or blue in their firſt foliage, richly tinged
With the ſlant ſun-beam, then at fits to pauſe
And gaze into the glen, a deep abyſs
Of vapour, whence the unſeen torrents roar
Up-thunder'd. Sweet to walk abroad at night
When as the ſummer moon was high in heaven
And ſhed a calm clear luſtre, ſuch as gave
The encircling mountains to the eye, diſtinct,
Diſrobed of all their bright day-borrow'd hues,
The rocks' huge ſhadows darker, the glen ſtream
Sparkling along its courſe, and the cool air
Fill'd with the firs' faint odour.

But in ſooth
Well pleas'd am I to ſit me down in peace,
While Phantaſy, an untir'd traveller
Goes forth ; and I ſhall thank thee for the rhyme
That with the Poets of the diſtant years
Makes me hold converſe. 'Twas a ſtrange belief!
And evil was the hour when men began
To humanize their God, and gave to ſtocks
And ſtones the *incommunicable name.
It is not ſtrange that ſimple men ſhould rear
The graſſy altar to the glorious ſun,
And pile it with ſpring flowers and ſummer fruits,
And when the glorious ſun ſmil'd on their rites
And made the landſkip lovely, the warm heart
With no unholy zeal might ſwell the hymn
Of adoration. When the ſavage hears
The thunder burſt, and ſees the lurid ſky
Glow with repeated fires, it is not ſtrange

* Men, ſerving either calamity or tyranny, did aſcribe unto ſtones and ſtocks the incommunicable name.

Wiſdom of Solomon, xiv. 21.

That he ſhould haſten to his hut and veil
His †face, and dread the Dæmon of the ſtorm.
Nor that the ancient Poet, he who fed
His flock beſide the ſtream of Helicon,
Should let creative fancy people earth
With unſeen powers, that clad in darkneſs roam
Around the world, and mark the deeds of *men.
But that the Prieſt with ſolemn mockery,
Or monſtrous faith, ſhould call on God to lead
His armies forth, and deſolate and kill,
And over the red banners of the war,
Even in the bleſſed name of Jesus, pour
Prayers of a bloodier hate than ever roſe
At Odin's altar, or the Mexican,
The victim's heart ſtill quivering in his graſp,

†Lafitau ſur les Mœurs Sauvages.

*Τρις γαρ μυριοι εισιν επι χθονι πολυβοτειρη
Αθανατοι Ζηνος, φυλακες θνητων ανθρωπων,
Οι ρα φυλασσουσιν τε δικας και σχετλια εργα,
Ηερα εσσαμενοι, παντη φοιτωντες επ' αιαν.

ΗΣΙΟΔΟΣ.

Rais'd at Mexitlis' ſhrine—this is moſt foul,
Moſt rank, moſt blaſphemous idolatry!
And better were it for theſe wretched men
With infant victims to have fed the fire
Of Moloch, in that hour when they ſhall call
Upon the hills and rocks to cover them,
For the judgment day is come.

A few grey ſtones
Now mark the ſpot where Odin's temple ſtood,
And there the traveller ſeeks with buſy eye
His altar green with moſs. The Northern chiefs
Caſt not their captive in the dungeon now
To the viper brood, nor to the eagle's ſhape
Carve out his mangled form. Yet let not Earth,
Yet let not Heaven forget the priſon houſe
Of Olmutz! what tho' to his Conqueror's ſword
Crouching, the Oppreſſor lets his victim ſee
Once more the light of day, let Earth and Heaven
Remember to his Conqueror's ſword he yields
What at his feet a woman begg'd in vain,

A wretched wife. Now may the proſperous winds
Speed thee La Fayette! to that happier ſhore
Where Prieſtly dwells, where Koſciuſko reſts
From holy warfare. Perſecuted men!
Outcaſts of Europe! ſufferers in the cauſe
Of Truth and Freedom! ye have found a home,
And in the peaceful evening of your days
A high reward is yours, the bleſſedneſs
Of ſelf-applauſe.

Is it not ſtrange, my friend,
If ought of human folly could ſurprize,
That men ſhould with ſuch duteous zeal obſerve
Each ideot form, each agonizing rite
Of Pagan faith, whilſt there are none who keep
The eaſy precepts of the Nazarene,
The faith that with it brings its own reward,
The law of peace and love?—But they are wiſe
Who in theſe evil and tumultuous times
Heed not the world's mad buſineſs: chiefly they
Who with moſt pleaſant labouring acquire

No ſelfiſh knowledge. Of his fellow kind
He well deſerves, who for their evening hours
A blameleſs joy affords, and his good works,
When in the grave he ſleeps, ſhall ſtill ſurvive.
Now fare thee well and proſper in thy taſk.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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ARGUMENT.

This Ode deſcribes a certain journey undertaken by ODIN, under the name of GANRADE, to VAFTHRUDNIS, a gigantic chief of the Jotunori or Jotori. The object in view was to diſcover which was the wiſeſt.

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THE

SONG

OF

VAFTHRUDNIS.

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THE

SONG

OF

VAFTHRUDNIS.

ODIN.

VALHALLA'S QUEEN!* I pray thee ſay
Which to Vafthrudnis' hall's the way:
For I with him intend to try
My ſkill in ancient myſtery.

FRIGGA.

Do not leave thy native ſkies,
Source of Heroes! I adviſe:
For well I know no giant might,
Ever witneſs'd in the fight,
With his proweſs can compare.

* "Valhalla's Queen."—Frigga, the Wife of Odin.

ODIN.

Myſteries divine and rare
I've often ſeen, I've often known,
And now am bent to make my own
All from mortals I can learn.

FRIGGA.

Safe may'ſt thou go, and ſafe return,
And, for each Goddeſs, may thy life
Be ſafe from ev'ry mortal ſtrife.
Let prudence on thy ſteps attend,
And wiſdom with her ſhield defend:
Thus doubly guarded, Chief! advance
Thro' fate's elaborate myſtic dance.

With light'ning ſpeed the hero fled,
Fearleſs of what the Goddeſs ſaid,
His ſecret purpoſe to fulfil
Of finding out the giant's ſkill.
Strait to the ſpacious hall he preſs'd,

By great Vafthrudnis long poſſeſs'd.
There Ygger* ſees the chief of men!

ODIN.

All hail Vafthrudnis! Odin then—
Lo! to thy halls unknown I came,
To learn and ſpread thy wond'rous fame:
And firſt I pray thee, giant! tell,
If ſacred wiſdom with thee dwell?

VAFTHRUDNIS.

What mortal he who dares to come,
Unbidden, to my awful dome
To hold diſcourſe? For never more
Shall he his homeward path explore;
Unleſs he haply ſhould exceed,
What wiſdom is to me decreed.

* YGGER, one of the names of Odin, ſignifying ſuſpicious or careful.

ODIN.

Ganrade, great Giant! is my name;
Late, thirſty, and fatigued, I came
To thy dread halls; and long have ſtray'd,
Seeking thy hoſpitable aid.

VAFTHRUDNIS.

Wherefore, Ganrade! do you ſeek
Here beneath Heaven's cope to ſpeak?
Enter within my awful door,
And there unfold thy hidden lore:
For much in truth I wiſh to ſee,
Which is the wiſeſt, thee or me.

GANRADE.

When to the preſence of the great,
A man draws near of humble ſtate;
Let him his tongue with wiſdom guide,
Or ignorance in ſilence hide:
But, when an enemy is by,
The wiſe will ſhun loquacity.

VAFTHRUDNIS.

Mighty Ganrade! if you ſeek
Here beneath heaven's cope to ſpeak,
And prove your wiſdom by diſcourſe;
What name diſtinguiſhes that horſe
Who o'er mankind, thro' heaven's high way,
Drags the imperial car of day?

GANRADE.

That horſe who thro' the heaven's high way,
Drags the imperial car of day,
*Skinfaxi's call'd—'mong horſes, he
Has juſtly gain'd ſupremacy:
Forever does his mane appear,
Floating reſplendent thro' the air.

* SKINFAXI, Aurora, which the Greeks called φωσφορος and the Latins Lucifer, having a white horſe eaſy to be mounted. This deſcription does not differ much from that of Varro, "Jubar dicitur ſtella Lucifer, quæ in ſummo habet diffuſum lumen, ut Leo in capite jubam."

VAFTHRUDNIS.

Tell, mighty Ganrade! if you ſeek
Here beneath heaven's cope to ſpeak,
What horſe is that, who o'er the fight
Of Gods, drags on the veil of night?

GANRADE.

§Hrimfaxi o'er the fight
Of Gods, drags on the veil of night:
From his iron bits diſtil
Each morning dew on vale and hill.

VAFTHRUDNIS.

Tell, mighty Ganrade! if you ſeek
Here beneath heaven's cope to ſpeak;
Among the ſons of mortal birth
What river parts the Gods and Earth?

§ HRIMFAXI, by which is underſtood Heſperus.

GANRADE.

Among the ſons of mortal birth
The ſtream that parts the Gods and earth,
Is * Iſing call'd. Thro' regions wide
It ever rolls its ample tide:
Nor does the petrifying wind,
Its waves in icy fetters bind.

VAFTHRUDNIS.

Tell, mighty Ganrade! now the name,
Borne by that wide-extended plain;
Where, deck'd with many a ſhining car,
Gods and great † Surtur ruſh to war.

* IFING. This ſeems to be an allegorical river ſignifying diſcord and perpetual enmity, which ſeparates bad men from the ſeats of the bleſt and the Gods. Its literal meaning is anger.

† SURTUR, the adverſary of Odin, who dwells at the antartic pole.

GANRADE.

The plain, o'erſpread with many a car,
Where Gods and Surtur ruſh to war,
*Vigridi 's call'd; and each way round
A hundred miles extends its bound—
Such does it meet the trav'ler's eyes.

VAFTHRUDNIS.

Truly, O Ganrad! thou art wiſe.
Now to the giant's inmoſt ſeat
Approach, with not unworthy feet;
And there in colloquy ſublime,
We'll ſpend the yet remaining time.
Stranger! in wiſdom's arduous ſtriſe
Riſk glorioufly the loſs of life.

GANRADE.

Vafthrudnis! tell, ſince thou art wiſe,
And ſacred truth thy ſpeech ſupplies;

* VIGRIDI, a fabulous place, the theatre of contention between the Gods and their oppoſers.

*Whence, of old, the ſpacious earth,
And out-ſtretch'd heavens, had their birth?

* "Whence of old"—To underſtand this and the following verſes, it is neceſſary to obſerve, that according to the Northern Mythology, Nifleil was created long before the earth; in the centre of which roſe a fountain called Hvergelmer. Its effluvia produced many rivers near the boundaries of Hell, called in the Icelandic language, Suöl, Guntra, Fimbul, Thul, Slidr, Hridr, Ylgr, Sylgr, Wid, Leyptr, Giöll: which ſignify, according to the order in which they ſtand, Miſery, Hope deferred, Habitation of Death, Swift perdition, Scabbard, Cruel ſtorm, Whirlpool, Wailing and gnaſhing of teeth, and Widely flowing. The firſt world created in the ſouthern regions was called Muſpell—it was bright and hot, and for that reaſon was intolerable to all ſtrangers, and none but its native inhabitants could reſide there. In the confines of this world dwelt Surtur. In theſe parts were certain rivers called Elivagi, which, when they had proceeded ſo far from their ſource, that the poiſon with which they were replete could harden, their waters were converted into ice, bearing all the fantaſtic forms of droſs and ore in a refiner's furnace. Thence aroſe a poiſonous exhalation which ſpread around like a hoar froſt, and was continually increaſing in the great void called Ginnungagap. This place looked toward the north, and

VAFTHRUDNIS.

O Ganrade, hear! the ſpacious earth
From fleſh of *Ymer took its birth:

appeared without like an immenſe ſtructure of ſnow and ice; but within was filled with clouds and air. The ſouthern part of this region was melted by ſparks of fire which flew from Muſpell-ſheim. For from Niflheim proceeded cold, and from Muſpellſheim light and heat. Eternal ſerenity reigned in Ginnungagap. When warm gales approached this place, the ice began to flow with living drops. From theſe Ymer was created, whom the Hrimthuſſi called Aurgelmer. Ymer was not eſteemed a God, becauſe he and his whole poſterity were evil. It is related of him, that ſleeping, he emitted ſweat from under his left wing, from whence Man and Woman were formed. Hence aroſe the race of the Hrimthuſſi, of whom Ymer was the firſt. From diſſolved Ice was alſo formed the firſt Cow, called Andumbla. From her udder flowed four milky rivers, by which Ymer was nouriſhed. But Odin, Vile, and Ve—the ſons of Böre, killed Ymer, and carried him into the middle of Ginnungagap. Here from his fleſh they created the earth; the

* YMER, the ruler of the Elements.

The craggy rocks and ſcatter'd ſtones,
Had for their origin his bones:
The ſkies expanded from his brains,
And ocean iſſu'd from his veins.

ſea and rivers from his blood; mountains from his bones; rocks and ſtones from his broken bones and teeth; herbs from his hair; heaven from his ſkull; the habitable earth from his eye-brows; and at laſt the clouds from his brains. In this account, confuſed and allegorical as it may ſeem, is contained the hiſtory of the creation; not ſo, however, but that many other things are interſperſed which relate to after times. Thus the ſtory of Bergelmer relates to the Deluge. What things were believed by the northern nations to have exiſted before the coming of Odin, may be ſummed up in a few articles.

1. Matter did not exiſt from eternity.

2. But becauſe it once exiſted, it was neceſſary there ſhould be ſome firſt cauſe. That was eſteemed the moſt perfect of beings and creator of all things.

3. This wiſe Being firſt created Niſleim, the place of ſtorms, or Chaos: whence originated matter.

4. This place being formed, he divided it into regions. The immenſe void contained within the

GANRADE.

Vafthrudnis ! ſay, ſince thou art wiſe,
And ſacred truth thy ſpeech ſupplies ;
Whence shines the Moon with gilded horn ?
And whence the ſun illumes the morn ?

fides ſeparating it from the abyſs, was called Ginnungagap : there the air was moſt pure, producing heat in one place and cold in another.

5. Then the Creator made the turbid waters of the Elivagi rivers to flow between the ſpaces of heat and cold.

6. From materials taken from this river, equally ſubject to the operation of heat and cold, he formed a maſs and endued it with a living principle. This firſt formation was called Ymer, to whom was attributed a human appearance. He was ſuppoſed to be the μικροκοσμον of thoſe elements from which the world was formed.

7. From the ſame materials the world, man, and all living things were created; thoſe particles being ſelected for each which were moſt particularly ſuited to its nature.

It may be obſerved that there ſeem to be three divine perſons which exceed all others. And becauſe it is difficult to conceive of an operative

VAFTHRUDNIS.

He from whom the Moon firſt ſprung,
And Sun his annual courſe begun,

being without aſcribing to him locality, ſhape, and name: theſe powers were called Odin, Vile, and Ve; and to theſe was attributed the creation of all things. This ſeems to have been their origin—In former days there had been heroes and great rulers, who were ſuppoſed to poſſeſs a divine principle for the many benefits they had conferred on their ſubjects; by them they were ranked among the inferior Gods. But in after times, ſince

Omnia poſt obitum fingat majora vetuſtas,

their origin became fabulous, and they were raiſed to a ſuperior claſs of Gods. This therefore will account for our finding Odin ſometimes called the father of Gods and Men: and creator of all things. And again, ſeeing him deſcribed as originating from matter, and about to be devoured by the wolf. Moſhem has made the ſame obſervation concerning Jupiter, who is often called by Homer and Heſiod,

—Πατηρ ανδρων τε Θεων τε
And —μεγιστος Θεων αειγενεταων.

Is § Mundilförer—theſe around
The balanc'd earth in depths profound,
Travel each day with ſilent pace,
And mark the ſeaſons in their race.

GANRADE.

Vafthrudnis! ſay, ſince thou art wiſe,
And ſacred truth thy ſpeech ſupplies;
Whence day o'er men its glory ſpreads,
And night with ſhades involves their heads?

VAFTHRUDNIS.

*Dellinger o'er the trav'lers way,
Shines gentle harbinger of day;

§ Mundilförer, the axis of the earth remaining fixed while the ſun and ſtars revolved round.
Thus, Aratus,
Οι μεν ομως πολεες τε και αλλαδις αλλοι εοντες
Ουρανω ελκονθα, παντ' ημαρ συνεχες αιει
Αυταρ ογ' οδ ολιγον μετανισσεται αλλα μαλ αυτως
Αξον αιεν αρηρεν. εχει δ' αδαλαντον απανη
Μεσσηγυς γαιαν.

* Dellinger, the Father of Day or Twilight.

But ſullen Night with raven wing,
Did firſt from fatal *Nörver ſpring.
The Deities benign ordain
The ſilver Moon to wax and wane;
And ſhed her renovated light,
In monthly wheel, on human ſight.

GANRADE.

Vaſthrudnis! tell, ſince thou art wiſe,
And ſacred truth thy ſpeech ſupplies;
Whence at the firſt came winter's ſnow,
And whence the ſummer's ſultry glow;
Spreading their influence thro' the ſkies,
Over the ſage divinities?

* Nörver—The Father of Night, like itſelf gloomy and black. Nott or Night married Dellinger, and had a ſon whoſe name was Dager or Day. Παντοπατηρ took notice of Nott and Dager, and gave to each a horſe and chariot.

VAFTHRUDNIS.

§Vindsualer firſt bade ſnow ariſe:
†Suasuder fires the ſummer ſkies:
Theſe two ſhall hold alternate reign,
Long as the Gods their faith maintain.

GANRADE.

This fifth thing tell, ſince thou art wiſe,
And ſacred truth thy ſpeech ſupplies;
Who, eldeſt in the Aſori clime,
Iſſued at the birth of time?
And who 'mong Ymer's progeny?

VAFTHRUDNIS.

When wintry ſtorms o'erſpread the ſky,
E'er yet from ocean roſe the earth,

§ VINDSUALER—The Father of Winter.

† SUASUDER—The Father of Summer.

Great *Bergelmer had his birth:
§Thrudgelmer was his father's name—
He from great † Aurgelmer came.

GANRADE.

This ſixth thing tell, ſince thou art wiſe,
And ſacred truth thy ſpeech ſupplies;
Whence, number'd 'mongſt the Jötni ſons,
Of eldeſt birth Aurgelmer comes?

VAFTHRUDNIS.

From eaſtern *Elivagi ſtrands,
Black drops of venom dy'd the lands;

* Bergelmer—Noah, from Berg, a mountain, and Gemler, an old man.

§ Thrudgelmer—Lamech.

† Aurgelmer—Adam.

* Elivagi.—The ſtreams of the Volga are here ſuppoſed to be meant. In this and the following verſes the poet explains in a confuſed manner, the Creation of Man. Firſt, he hints at the materials of creation: then at the creation of man: and thirdly, at the antediluvian world, the wickedneſs of which occaſioned the deſtruction of the Jötni by a deluge.

Strait from the widely moiſt'ned earth
A teeming giant took his birth.
§But quickly ſparks of fire flew
From ſouthern climes—a wonder new—
And gave to winter's driving ſleet
The animating power of heat.

§ "But quickly."—The writer of the Voluſpa thus deſcribes the phenomenon of creation—In the day-ſpring of ages, ſays he, there was neither ſea nor ſhore, nor refreſhing breezes. The whole was only one vaſt abyſs, without herb and without ſeed. The Sun had then no palace: the Moon was ignorant of her power. Towards the ſouth there was a luminous and burning world: from this world flowed out inceſſantly into the Abyſs that laid towards the north torrents of ſparkling fire; which, in proportion as they removed far away from their ſource, congealed as they fell into the Abyſs, and ſo filled it with ſcum and ice. A warm breath coming from the ſouth, melted the vapours ariſing from this chaos, and formed of them living drops; whence was born the giant Ymer or Aurgelmer. It is reported that whilſt he ſlept, an extraordinary ſweat under his arm-pits produced a male and female; whence ſprung the race of the giants; a race evil and corrupt as well as their author.

GANRADE.

This ſeventh thing tell, ſince thou art wiſe,
And ſacred truth thy ſpeech ſupplies;
How from that hoary-headed man
A race of giants firſt began;
Since wives of gigantean race
Had never felt his fierce embrace?

VAFTHRUDNIS.

O Ganrade! hear—a maid and ſon
From under his wide pinions ſprung;
His feet, as ancient legends ſay,
Next their genial power diſplay,
And forth a *ſecond iſſue came,
Rejoicing in their parent's fame.

* "A ſecond iſſue," which took place in a different manner to what the former creation did. This mode of generation among the Gods, is thus explained by Voſſius: "In natura attendentes vim acti-
"vam et paſſivam, eam et marem et fœminam
"dixere; marem illud, quod vim in alia exſerit;

GANRADE.

This eighth thing tell, ſince thou art wiſe,
And ſacred truth thy ſpeech ſupplies;
What new born objects round thine eye

" fæminam, quæ vim alienam recipit, et quaſi " fœcundatur."

Orpheus, in his Hymn to Nature, has a ſimilar idea.

Παντων μεν Πατηρ, μητηρ, τροφος, ηδε τιθηνος

There was a creation alſo originating from the Cow Andumbla, called the family of Bor, ſo named from the firſt of that family, who was the Father of Odin. The ſons of Bor ſlew the giant Ymer, and the blood ran from his wounds in ſuch abundance, that it cauſed a general inundation, wherein periſhed all the giants, except one, who ſaving himſelf in a bark, eſcaped with all his family. Then a new world was formed. The ſons of Bor, or the Gods, dragged the body of the giant into the Abyſs, and of it made the earth, in the way before deſcribed. They created four dwarfs to ſupport the heavens, called North, Eaſt, Weſt, and South. They fixed tapers in the heavens, and aſſigned to other fires certain ſpaces which they were to run through, ſome of them in heaven, others under the heaven: the days were diſtinguiſhed, and the years numbered. They

Aroſe at thy nativity?
For Giant! thou canſt wiſdom boaſt.

VAFTHRUDNIS.

Far back on times *remoteſt coaſt,
Before the Gods had form'd the earth,
Great Bergelmer had his birth:—
This I remember—He was wiſe,
And guarded by fond Deities;
Who ſafe embark'd him on the tide,
And bade him ſafe the tempeſt ride.

made the earth round, and ſurrounded it with the deep ocean, upon the banks of which they placed the giants. One day as the ſons of Bor were taking a walk, they found two pieces of wood floating upon the water; theſe they took, and out of them formed a man and woman. The eldeſt of the Gods gave them life and ſouls; the ſecond motion and knowledge; the third the gift of ſpeech, hearing and ſight, to which he added beauty and raiment. From this man and this woman, named Aſkus and Embla, is deſcended the race of men who are permitted to inhabit the earth.

* Remoteſt coaſt, the antartic pole.

GANRADE.

This ninth thing tell, ſince thou art wiſe,
And ſacred truth thy ſpeech ſupplies;
Whence come the winds that o'er the deep,
On their unſeen pinion ſweep?

VAFTHRUDNIS.

Where the heavens remoteſt bound,
With darkneſs is encircled round;
There *Hræſvelger ſits and ſwings
The tempeſt from his eagle wings.

GANRADE.

Begin, for Sage! thou knoweſt well,
The origin of Gods to tell:—

* HRÆSVELGER, the name of an Eagle derived from HRÆ, a dead body, and SVELGER, a glutton. Such a perſon has ſeldom a very faſtidious taſte ſo the wind renders all places clear and wholeſome, by carrying away noxious vapours;—Loca venenoſa niſi ventoſa.

Whence, among the Aſori ſtate,
Did great *Niorder being take ?
Many a dome of ſacred fame,
Him for their protector claim.
No Aſi Sire the chief begot.

* NIORDER, the Neptune of the Northern nations who preſided over the ſea and winds. This is one of thoſe Genii whom the Celts placed in the Elements. The extent of his empire rendered him reſpectable, and we find in the north to this day, traces of the veneration which was there paid him. Men were exhorted to worſhip him for fear he ſhould do them miſchief, a motive like that which cauſed the Romans to erect Temples to Fever.

He was in great eſtimation among the Vani, though Lok has complimented him in this manner:

Taceto Niörde !
Tu enim in orientem, hinc
Obſes ad deos mittebaris.
Virgines giganteæ,
Te pro matula utebantur,
Et tuum in os mingebant.

VAFTHRUDNIS.

Among the †Vani 'twas his lot,
To ſpring from Anceſtors divine,
An hoſtage at their ſacred ſhrine:
He'll be when time has run his round,
Again among the Vani found.

GANRADE.

Vafthrudnis now th' eleventh tell,
Since thou comprehendeſt well,
Whence the ſource of Godhead ſprings,
And all the myſtic cauſe of things;
In what renown'd terrific field
Their ſwords, the ‡Monoheroes wield;

† VANI, a nation dwelling between the Tanais and Volga deſcended from the Grecians.

‡ MONOHEROES.—Thoſe only whoſe blood had been ſhed in battle, might aſpire to the pleaſures which Odin prepared for them in Valhalla. This hope rendered all the inhabitants of Europe intrepid,

Who oft with valor's keen delight,
In dreadful recreation fight;
While Gods behold.

and made them not only defy, but ſeek with ardor the moſt cruel deaths. Accordingly King Regner Lodbrag when he was going to die, far from uttering groans, or forming complaints, expreſſed his joy thus: "We are cut to pieces with ſwords: "but this fills me with joy, when I think of the "feaſt that is preparing for me in Odin's palace. "Quickly, quickly ſeated in the ſplendid habitation "of the Gods, we ſhall drink beer out of the ſkulls "of our enemies. A brave man fears not to die. "I ſhall utter no timorous words as I enter the "Hall of Odin." This fanatic hope derived additional force from the ignominy affixed to every kind of death but ſuch as was of a violent nature, and the fear of being ſent after ſuch an exit into Niflhil. Conſonant to this Lucan thus deſcribes the northern inhabitants of Europe:

Certe populi quos deſpicit arctos
Felices errore ſuo! quos ille timorum
Maximus haud urget lethi metus; inde ruendi
In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces
Mortis: et ignavum redituræ parcere vitæ.

VAFTHRUDNIS.

In Odin's field,
Their ſwords the Monoheroes wield;
And daily on each other bear,
The dread conflicting ſtorm of war.
Scarr'd in the fight, the chiefs divide,
And home on ſtately ſteeds they ride;
Then with the Gods in ſplendid halls,
Drink oblivion to their brawls:
Sæhrimner's fleſh a feaſt affords,
And concord reigns around their boards.

GANRADE.

Vafthrudnis! now the twelfth thing tell,
Since thou comprehendeſt well,
Whence the ſource of Godhead ſprings,
And all the myſtic cauſe of things;
What ſecrets to the Gods belong,
What to the gigantean throng.

VAFTHRUDNIS.

What ſecrets to the Gods belong,
And to the gigantean throng
I will unfold—In ev'ry world,
I my banners have unfurl'd :
Behold ! nine travers'd ſpheres above,
Th' extent of my reſearches prove :
Beneath the ſhades of *Niflhil lie—
There the men of Hela die.

* NIFLHIL, the northern mythology teaches that the ſouls of bad men deſcend into Hela and thence into Niflhil, which is the ninth ſphere or world. This bears ſome analogy to the deſcription Virgil has given of the infernal regions.

Fata obſtant, triſtique palus inamabilis unda
Alligat et NOVIES ſtyx interfuſa coercet.

This place conſiſted of nine worlds, reſerved for thoſe who died of diſeaſe or old age. Hela or Death there exerciſed her deſpotic power; her place was ANGUISH; her table FAMINE; her waiters were EXPECTATION and DELAY; the threſhold of the door was PRECIPICE; her bed LEANNESS: ſhe was livid and ghaſtly pale; and her very looks inſpired horror.

GANRADE.

Much have I ſeen, and much have known,
And wiſe in ancient myſt'ry grown ;
Tell me alas ! what men ſurvive,
*When Winter o'er the world ſhall drive ?
That Winter of diſaſtrous fame,
Which trembling mortals fear to name.

*"When Winter." The Northern nations believed that a barbarous age would come, an age of the Sword, as they called it, when iniquity ſhould infeſt the earth, when brothers ſhould ſtain themſelves with brothers blood, when ſons ſhould be the murderers of their fathers, and fathers of their ſons, when inceſt and adultery ſhould be common, when no man ſhould ſpare his friend. Immediately after that, a deſolating winter ſhould ſucceed, wherein the ſnow ſhould fall from the four corners of the world, the winds blow with fury, and the whole earth be hard bound in ice. Three ſuch winters ſhould paſs away without being ſoftened with one ſummer. Then ſhould ſucceed aſtoniſhing prodigies: monſters ſhould break their chains and eſcape; the great dragon ſhould roll himſelf in the ocean, and with his motions the earth ſhould be ſhaken; the trees be torn up by the

VAFTHRUDNIS.

Hoddmimer is the deſtin'd hill,
The waſted plains of earth to fill:

roots, and the rocks daſhed againſt each other. From this general deſtruction a world was to be created where nothing but peace and happineſs ſhould reign.—The Voluſpa deſcribes it in this manner:

Brœdor mono berias,
Oc at bönom verda
Muno ſyſtrungar
Sifiom ſpilla.
Hart er med hauldrom,
Herdomr mikill.
Skeggöld. Scalmold.
Skildir klofnir.
Vindold, Wargold,
Adr: verold ſteipiz.

Which exactly agrees with what Ovid ſays,

Jupiter antiqui contraxit tempora veris:
Perque hyemes, æſtuſque, & inæquales autumnos,
Et breve ver, ſpatiis exegit quatuor annum.
Tum primùm ſiccis aër fervoribus uſtus
Canduit: & ventis glacies adſtricta pependit.
Tum primùm ſubière domos. Domus antra fuerunt,

In the ſafe caverns of its ſide,
Shall †Life and Vital Heat reſide:
By dew the fugitives be fled,
And thence ſhall man erect his head.

Et denſi frutices, & vinctæ cortice virgæ,
Semina tum primùm longis Cerealia ſulcis
Obruta ſunt, preſſique jugo gemuêre juvenci.
Tertia poſt illas ſucceſſit ahenea proles,
Sævior ingeniis, & ad horrida promptior arma:
Nec ſcelerata tamen. De duro eſt ultima ferro.
Protinus irrumpit venæ pejoris in ævum
Omne nefas: fugêre pudor, verumque, fideſque:
In quorum ſubiêre locum fraudeſque dolique
Inſidiæque, & vis, & amor ſceleratus habendi.
Jamque nocens ferrum, ferroque nocentius aurum
Prodierat: prodit bellum, quod pugnat utroque:
Sanguineâque manu crepitantia concutit arma.
Vivitur ex rapto. Non hoſpes ab hoſpite tutus,
Non ſocer à genero: fratrum quoque gratia rara eſt.
Imminet exitio vir conjugis, illa mariti;
Lurida terribiles miſcent aconita novercæ:
Filius ante diem patrios inquirit in annos.
Victa jacet pietas; & virgo cæde madentes
Ultima cœleſtûm terras Aſtræa reliquit.

† "Life and Vital Heat," ſhall be hid in the body of the renewed earth: theſe by the means of moiſture ſhall produce man. The opinions of the

GANRADE.

Much have I ſeen, and much have known,
And wiſe in ancient miſt'ry grown;
Where ſhall th' extinguiſh'd ſun be found,
Within the azure vault profound,
When ‡Fenrir with his power malign,
Forbids his beams again to ſhine?

Sythians and Egyptians were the ſame. Virgil alſo ſays,

Cum primum lucem pecudes hauſere virumque
Ferrea progenies *duris caput extulit arvis.*

Ovid too was of the ſame opinion.

Cætera diverſis tellus animalia formis
Sponte ſuâ peperit, poſtquam vetus humor ab igne
Percaluit Solis; cœnumque, udæque paludes
Intumuêre æſtu: fœcundaque ſemina rerum
Vivaci nutrita ſolo, ceu matris in alvo
Crevernnt, faciemque aliquam cepêre morando.
Quippe ubi temperiem ſumsêre humorque, calorque,
Concipunt: & ab his oriuntur cuncta duobus.
Cùmque ſit ignis aquæ pugnax; vapor humidus omnes
Res creat, & diſcors concordia fœtibus apta eſt.

‡ Fenrir.—While that Winter laſt ſpoken of exiſts, the wolf Fenrir ſhall break looſe from his

VAFTHRUDNIS.

He ſhall a blooming virgin raiſe,
E'er Fenrir ſhall obſcure his rays—
*She like her Goddeſs mother lives,
§When periſh leſſer Deities.

chains, where a great river diſembogues itſelf into the Ocean, (by which is meant time and eternity), and open his enormous mouth which reaches from Heaven to Earth; the fire ſhall flaſh out from his eyes and noſtrils; he ſhall devour the ſun: and the great dragon which follows him, ſhall vomit forth upon the waters and into the air, great torrents of venom. In this confuſion, the ſtars ſhall fly from their places, the heavens ſhall cleave aſunder, and the army of evil Genii and Giants, conducted by Surtur (the black), and followed by Lok, ſhall break in to attack the Gods.

* "She like."—RINDA is the Virgin here underſtood.

§ "When periſh."—The firſt and ſecond order of Deities were ſuppoſed never to periſh; theſe, therefore, muſt mean an inferior order, who ſhall be abſorbed in the great twilight of the Gods.

GANRADE.

Much have I ſeen, and much have known,
And wiſe in ancient miſt'ry grown;
What virgins then, Vafthrudnis! ſay,
Protect the world with gentle ſway?

VAFTHRUDNIS.

Among three nations ſcatter'd wide,
Hoſtile virgins ſhall reſide;
*But others over theſe ſhall reign,
And all their deeds malign reſtrain:
Mortals from them no hardſhips dread,
Altho' among th' Jötni bred.

* "But others."—The meaning of the paſſage ſeems to be this:—The human race ſhall be divided into three people, who ſhall take poſſeſſion of the world riſing from the ſea, and ſhall dwell upon it: then all places ſhall be filled with good Genii, who ſhall defend the human race from thoſe that are evil.

GANRADE.

Much have I ſeen, and much have known,
And wiſe in ancient myſt'ry grown:
The *age of Surtur now no more—
What chiefs ſhall rule the Aſarian ſhore,
And o'er the lofty ſanes preſide
That men for Gods benign provide?

VAFTHRUDNIS.

The age of Surtur now no more—

* "Age of Surtur,"—The conſummation of all things: This was to take place by means of fire. Similar to this was the opinion of the Stoics as appears from Sophocles.

εσαι γαρ εσαι κεινος αιωνων χρονος
οταν πυρος γεμοντα θεσαυρον. χαση
χρυσωπος αιθηρ. η θ' βοσκηθεισα φλοξ
Απαντα ταπιγεια και μεταρσια
φλεξει μανεις.

In Ovid alſo we find the ſame ſentiment.

Eſſe quoque in fatis reminiſcitur affore tempus,
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaq regia cœli
Ardeat, et mundi moles operoſa laboret.

‡Vidar and §Vali riſe to power:
They o'er the temples ſhall preſide,
That men for fav'ring Gods provide.
*Modi and †Magni then ſhall reign,
And happily for man obtain
The fatal mallet of Great Thor,
And thro' the world extinguiſh war.

GANRADE.

Much have I ſeen, and much have known,
And wiſe in ancient myſt'ry grown:

‡ VIDAR. He wears thick ſhoes, but of ſo wonderful a texture, that by means of them he can walk in air and tread upon water. He is almoſt as ſtrong as Thor himſelf, and in all critical conjunctures, affords the Gods great conſolation. He is the God of ſilence.

§ VALI.—Son of Odin and Rinda, bold in war, and an excellent archer; he killed Hoder in revenge for Balder's death.

* MODI, ſignifies vigor of mind.

† MAGNI, ſtrength of body. All the preceding, except Vali, were the ſons of Thor.

From Odin's eye, Vafthrudnis! ſay,
What fate ſhall blot the light of day?

VAFTHRUDNIS.

*A ſhaggy monſter ſhall devour,
The †parent of the fleeting hour:
Then Vidar ſhall indignant ſpeed
Vengeance for the guilty deed,
And, wide around, the hateful plain
Shall ſmoke with blood, for ‡Vitner ſlain.

GANRADE.

Much have I ſeen, and much have known,
And wiſe in ancient myſt'ry grown:
Tell me once more, Vafthrudnis! tell,
What ſecret voice from Odin fell;

* "A ſhaggy monſter."—Fenrir the wolf.

† "The parent."—Odin the God of the ſun, by which time is computed.

‡ VITNER.—One of the names of Odin.

When to his ſon he whiſp'ring ſtood,
E'er the boy clim'd the fatal wood.

VAFTHRUDNIS.

None know ſince time its race hath run
What Odin whiſper'd to his ſon.
The fate of Gods and myſtic lore
With thee no longer I explore.
Thou, by the hand of knowledge led,
The fatal ſtroke of death haſt fled:
And ſince thy wiſdom I have try'd,
Hear Vafthrudnis thus decide—
In myſteries of every kind,
Thou art the wiſeſt of mankind.

SONG

OF

GRIMNER.

ARGUMENT.

KING HRAUDUNGER had two Sons, one called AGNARR the other GEIRROD. Agnarr was ten years old and Gierrod eight, when they went to ſea in a boat for the purpoſe of fiſhing. A tempeſt drove the boat far from their own ſhore and carried them to a ſtrange country; where they met a certain countryman. There they wintered. The Miſtreſs of the houſe loved Agnarr, but the Maſter, Geirrod; who taught him to be crafty. The ſame perſon in the following ſpring gave the boys a boat; but when he and his wife had led them to the ſhore, he ſpoke ſomething privately to Geirrod. The boys obtaining a favourable wind, returned toward their own coaſt. Then Geirrod, ſtanding on the prow of the veſſel, leaped on ſhore, and puſhing the boat off, ſaid, "now go where the evil Genii may meet with thee." The boat was carried into the ocean; but Geirrod going home, was kindly received. Geirrod therefore was created king and became illuſtrious. While all this was tranſacting, Odin and Frigga ſitting in Hlidſkialfa beheld all the regions of the earth. "See" ſaid Odin "your favourite Agnarr ſitting "in a cave with his gigantic wife and his chil- "dren around him; but my favourite Geirrod is "become king, and reigns in peace." Frigga

anſwered, " Geirrod is parſimonious and exerciſes " cruelty upon his gueſts when he thinks too many " trouble him." Odin denyed this aſſertion. They lay a wager concerning it. Frigga ſent the nymph Fylla to admoniſh the king, leſt a certain magician who had come into his country ſhould poiſon him; ſhe informed him that he might be diſtinguiſhed by this ſign, that no dog would bark at his approach. But that was needleſs, becauſe Geirrod diſcountenanced the viſits of all ſtrangers. He took care however that the man ſhould be ſeized, whom the dogs refuſed to hurt. He was dreſſed in blue apparel and took the name of Grimner. When any one aſked queſtions concerning himſelf, he refuſed to anſwer them. The king examined him by torture between two fires; where he remained eight nights. Geirrod had a ſon, ten years old, called Agnarr, bearing the name of his Uncle. Agnarr approached Grimner and gave him a cup of water, ſaying that the king behaved very ill to puniſh an innocent man. Grimner drank the contents. But by that time the fire burnt his clothes; when he began to ſpeak.

SONG

OF

GRIMNER.

I.

FIRE! ſpare thy fury ſpare,
Nor thus thy torrents on me bear:
Thy flames fierce flaſhing from me turn—
In vain I ſtrive—my garments burn:
Tho' high in air my cloak I raiſe,
It waſtes before thy ſcorching blaze.

II.

By the pale fires ſullen light,
I've watch'd eight times the round of night.
Mortals on me diſdain to think,
Nor offer food, nor offer drink—
Agnarr except—who kind of ſoul,
Gave one cool refreſhing bowl:
Thou gentle Youth! ſo fates have told,
The ſceptre of the Goths ſhalt hold.

III.

The cup was kind, and great's the meed,
That to thy bounty will ſucceed;
Safe ſhalt thou reign from ev'ry foe,—
Smooth ſhall thy tide of fortune flow.

IV.

Dear are the lands to Gods on high,
That neighb'ring to the Alfi lie.
On plains of *Thrudheim †Thor ſhall dwell,
While Gods their golden ages tell.

* THRUDHEIM, lay between the confines of the Aſi and Alfi.

† THOR, the eldeſt ſon of Odin; ſtrrength and valor are the attendants of this God, therefore he triumphs over every thing that has life. When the Northern nations adopted the Roman Calender, that day which was conſecrated to Jupiter or maſter of thunder, was aſſigned to Thor and was called Thorſdag or Thurſday.

The Laplanders to this day have a God anſwering to Thor, whom they worſhip under the name of Horagalles. They depict him with a double-headed mallet, and invoke him chiefly not to injure with his thunder their Raindeer as they wander expoſed upon the wide and deſolate mountains.

Lem: de Lappon:

V.

‡Uller there hath fix'd his home,
Where the ſwift Ydali roam.
The Gods when time firſt ſprang to light,
Fair *Alfheim gave to †Freyer's right;
The honors of his infant ſtate,
Forever to perpetuate.

‡ Uller, a God the offspring of Sifia and ſon-in-law of Thor. He is ſo quick in ſhooting his arrows, and ſo nimble in the uſe of his ſkates, that nothing can ſtand before him. He is alſo very handſome in his perſon, and poſſeſſes every quality of the Hero; wherefore he was invoked in duels or ſingle combats.

* Alfheim, ſignifies in Gothic, the abode of the Genii or the faries of the male ſex. Of theſe ſome are good and ſome bad. With regard to the bad they were particularly dreaded about the hour of noon. This ſuperſtition has prevailed no leſs in France than elſewhere; though it came from the eaſt. St. Bazil recommends us to pray to God ſome time before noon, to avert this danger. The Celts with the ſame view offered ſacrifices. One ſays pleaſantly, "The true Demon of noon is "hunger when one has nothing to ſatisfy it."

† Freyer, ſon of Niorder.

VI.

The third abode, I know it well,
Is where the Gods benignant dwell,
The roofs with ſilver radiance ſhine,
'Tis call'd ‡Valaskialf divine;
Becauſe a God in times unknown,
Choſe to make that ſeat his own.

VII.

Saucquabeccer is the name,
The next immortal, portals claim;
There icy waters ev'ry hour,
Around in horrid diſs'nance pour;
While Odin, *Saga, orgies hold,
Quaffing libations out of gold.

VIII.

†Gladſheimer next ſucceeds—the land,
Where bright ‡Valhalla's towers stand:

‡ VALASKIALF, a palace of Odin.

* SAGA, a Goddeſs.

† GLADSHEIMER, (the abode of joy.)

‡ VALHALLA, The palace of Odin, where that God receives all ſuch as die in a violent manner from the beginning to the end of the world.

In burniſh'd gold they proudly riſe,
And loſe their radiance in the ſkies.
§Hropter there with potent word,
Dooms myriads daily to the ſword.

IX.

Where Odin's towers riſe to view,
Thus may be known by ſymbols true;
Broken ſhafts of many a ſpear
Emblazoning the roofs appear:
The domes with ſhields are cover'd o'er,
And coats of mail ſurround the floor.

X.

Where Odin's towers riſe to view,
Thus may be known by ſymbols true;
A gaunt *Wolf ſits in pend'lous ſtate
Ever o'er the weſtern gate;
While *Eagles the wide portals grace.

§ HROPTER, one of the names of Odin.

* WOLF and EAGLES, theſe were ſtatues.

XI.

Thrymheimer ſtands the next in place ;
Thiaz there has fix'd his throne—
A giant long to glory known.
But ‡Skada, chaſte nymph of the ſky,

‡ SKADA, daughter of Thiaz and wife of Niorder. She prefers dwelling on the ſpot where her father inhabits, which is in the land of mountains; but Niorder loves to reſide near the ſea; yet they came at length to this agreement between themſelves, that they ſhould paſs together nine nights among the mountains, and three on the ſhore of the ſea. One day, Niorder, returning from the mountains, compoſed this ſong: "How do I hate the abode "of the mountains! I have only paſs'd nine nights "there; but how long and tedious did they ſeem! "There one hears nothing but the howling of "wolves, inſtead of the ſweet ſinging of the ſwans, "who dwell on the ſea ſhores." In anſwer to this, Skada compoſed the following verſes: "How is "it poſſible for me to enjoy my reſt on the couch "of the God of the Ocean; whilſt birds in flocks, "returning each morning, awake me with their "ſcreamings?" Then Skada returned to the mountains where her father dwelt; there ſnatching up her bow, and faſtening on her ſnow-ſkates, ſhe employed herſelf in chace of ſavage beaſts.

The honors of her anceſtry,
Shall ſoon poſſeſs.

XII.

Seventh in fame,
*Breidabliker mortals name:
Within whoſe conſecrated walls
Stand †Balder's hoſpitable halls.
There ſmiling peace has ever ſhone,
And virtue calls the place her own.

* BREIDABLIKER, the palace of Balder. This place is in heaven and nothing impure can have admittance there; within are columns, upon which are engraved verſes, capable of recalling the dead to life.

† BALDER, the ſecond ſon of Odin. He is of an excellent natural temper; and has the univerſal praiſe of mankind; ſo handſome in his perſon, and of ſo dazzling a look, that he ſeems to dart forth rays of light. To comprehend the beauty of his hair it is neceſſary to know that the whiteſt of all vegetables is called the "eye-brow of Balder." It ſeems probable that Balder is the ſame God whom the Noricians and Gauls worſhipped under the name of Belenus. He was the Apollo of the Greeks and Romans.

XIII.

Himinbiörga eighth I ſing,
Where o'er the lands, propitious king,
*Heimdaller reigns. There mindful he,
Of every holy myſtery,

* HEIMDALLER, a ſacred and powerful deity. He is the ſon of nine virgins who are ſiſters. He is likewiſe called the "God with the golden teeth," becauſe his teeth are of that metal. He dwells at the end of the bridge Bifroſt or the RAIN-BOW, in a caſtle called the "Celeſtial Fort." He is the ſentinel or watchman of the Gods. The poſt aſſigned to him is to abide at the entry into heaven, to prevent the giants from forcing their way over the bridge. He ſleeps leſs than a bird; and ſees by night as well as by day, more than an hundred leagues around him. So acute is his ear that he hears the graſs growing on the earth, and the wool on the ſheeps back; nor does the ſmalleſt ſound eſcape him. Beſides this, he has a trumpet which is heard through all worlds. This God is celebrated in the following verſes. "The "CELESTIAL FORT is the caſtle where Heimdal-"ler reſides, that ſacred guardian of heaven, "who drinks divine hydromel in the ſecure and "tranquil palaces of the Gods!"

On downy couches ſpends his hours,
And copiouſly metheglin pours.

XIV.

Falcvanger's towers claim my ſong,
Theſe to *Freya's right belong;
Who chief preſiding at each feaſt,
Appoints his place to ev'ry gueſt:
Half of the ſlain by her's poſſeſt,
But Odin daily claims the reſt.

* FREYA, the daughter of Niorder; ſhe is the moſt propitious of the goddeſſes. The place which ſhe inhabits in heaven, is called Falcvanger, or Union of the People. She goes on horſeback to every place where battles are fought, and aſſerts her right to one half of the ſlain; the other half belongs to Odin. Her palace is large and magnificent; thence ſhe ſallies forth in a chariot drawn by two cats. She lends a favourable ear to thoſe who ſue to her for aſſiſtance. From her were the Scandinavian ladies named. She is very much delighted with the ſongs of lovers; and ſuch as would be happy in their amours worſhip this Goddeſs.

XV.

Tenth houſe of fame, lo! Glitner ſhines,
Bleſt with the wealth of golden mines:
Bright molten ſilver crowns the dome,
†Forèſter proudly calls his own:
There on ſoft rose-leaf beds he lies,
While ſuns ſucceſſive ſet and riſe.

XVI.

*Noathuna the eleventh place,
The manſions of Niorder grace:

† FORESTER, a God, the Son of Balder. He poſſeſſes the palace in heaven called Glitnir. All who refer to him the deciſion of their controverſies, return from his tribunal mutually ſatisfied. It is the moſt excellent tribunal found amongſt Gods or men, according to theſe verſes: "Glit-" nir is the name of a palace which is upheld by " pillars of gold, and covered with a roof of ſilver. " There it is that Foreſter reſides the greateſt part " of his time, who reconciles and appeaſes all ſorts " of quarrels."

* NOATHUNA, the palace of Niorder the God of the ſea.

The Chineſe, as well as the Grecians and Northern nations, have their Neptune, whoſe

He, blameleſs king of men, preſides
O'er domes whoſe ſummits touch the ſkies.

XVII.

The lands of †Vidar far are ſeen,
Beſet with thorny brakes obſcene;
Rank herbage ſhoots aloft in air,
And marſhy ſallows flouriſh there.
Vidar, deſcending from his ſteed,
Swift in purſuit ſcarce bends the reed;
A parent's wrongs provoke his ire,
And vengeance from his arm require.

name is Toong-hai-vaung, or king of the eaſtern ſea. The temple where he is worshipped is called Ta-coo; he is there repreſented as ſitting on the waves with firmneſs, eaſe, and dignity, holding a dolphin in one hand and a magnet in the other.

Staunton's Account of China.

† VIDAR, mentioned before as the God of Silence, is repreſented as living in ſuch a ſituation that by its inacceſſibility he might avoid the converſe of men. He was deſpiſed by the other Gods, and for that reaſon ſuppoſed to be more aſſiduous in revenging his father Odin's death.

XVIII.

‡Andhrimner ſpeedily returns:
The fire beneath *Eldhrimner burns:
†Sæhrimner ſmokes in floods below—
The beſt reflection heroes know.
Few think how many warriors dine,
From off his wide extended chine.

XIX.

§The chief inur'd to toils in war,
Removing from the feaſt afar,
Bids ||Gerr and Freker daily eat,
The ſmoking honors of the treat:
But Odin, great in martial deeds,
With mead, immortal vigor feeds.

‡ ANDHRIMNER, the Cook of the Aſori.

* ELDHRIMNER, the Cauldron.

† SÆHRIMNER, the Boar.

§ The chief, Odin.

|| GERR and FREKER, two wolves kept by Odin, to whom he configns all the food brought to his table.

XX.

†Hugo, in azure fields of air,
And †Mumin too each day appear:
I fear leſt Hugo ſafe return,
But more for Mumin inly mourn.

XXI.

Lo! Thunda's waters rend my ear,
While tranquil ſtands Thiodvitner;
Smooth in the lake the fiſh are ſeen,
Gliding thro' the liquid green.

† Hugo and Mumin, the ravens of Odin. He lets them looſe every day; and they, after having made their excurſions over the whole world, return again at night about the hour of repaſt. Hence it is that this God knows ſo many things, and is called the king of the ravens. Hugo, ſignifies ſpirit or thought, and Mumin, memory. Thor made Thialfe contend with Hugo in ſwiftneſs: but Hugo ſo far outſtript him, that in returning to the barrier whence they ſet out, they met face to face. It was the opinion of the Northern writers, that if reaſon and memory were once loſt, they would never be thoroughly recovered again.

Thunda's waters haſt'ning fleet,
Touch not *Valgom! with thy feet.

XXII.

Far o'er yon hills old §Valgrind ſtands,
Erected by no mortal hands:
Few know the dome's myſterious ways,
Or how the maſſy bars to raiſe.

XXIII.

Behold! Valhalla proudly ſhrouds,
Her towers in the ambient clouds:
Five hundred portals grace the ſide,
With forty more unfolding wide.
Thro' ev'ry gate in war array,
With banners ſtreaming to the day,
Eight hundred warriors paſſage find,
When for martial deeds inclin'd.

* VALGOM, one of Odin's horſes.

§ VALGRIND, the fortreſs of ſelect heroes.

XXIV.

Five hundred domes aſpiring high,
With forty others pierce the ſky :
There, Gods in mazy lab'rynths roam—
One portal leads to ev'ry dome :
But that which loftieſt pillars grace,
Belongs to my illuſtrious race.

XXV.

*Heidruna, wildeſt of the train,
That ſport on hill, or ruſſet plain,
Near Odin's hall ſalacious breeds,
And on the leaves of Lærad feeds.
His ſpacious horn ſhall fill the bowl,
That liſts to rapture Odin's ſoul ;
And ever drinking—ever dry—
Still the copious ſtream ſupply.

* Heidruna, the Goat. From her paps flows Hydromel and Mead in ſuch great abundance, that it fills every day a pitcher large enough to inebriate all the heroes.

XXVI.

There too, forever wand'ring near,
Is ſeen ſwift-footed †Eikthyrner;
He on Lærad's foliage feeds,
And annually prolific breeds.
Faſt in ‡Hrvergelmer's tide,
Dew-drops down his antlers glide;
Whence, winding thro' the porous earth,
Augmented rivers take their birth.

XXVII.

*Sider, Vider, Fimbulthuler,
Sækiner, and Geirumuler,—

† Eikthyrner, the Stag.

‡ Hrvergelmer, the father of rivers.

*Sider, &c. Names of celeſtial rivers. There are fifteen beſide theſe, but they are not enumerated in the tranſlation, on account of their harſh and unuſual ſounds. For the curious therefore, they are put in the notes; viz: Eikin, Suöl, Gimnthro, Fiorm, Rin, Rennandi, Gipul, Gaupul, Gaumul, Din, Vin, Davll, Havll, Grap, Gunndorin.

Theſe thro' lands immortal, flow,
And plenty on the Gods beſtow.

XXVIII.

†Viner, Noter, Vegsuonner,
Niter, Stronder, and Heronner,—
The lands of mortals theſe divide,
And downward thence to Hela glide.

XXIX.

‡O'er four fam'd rivers ſpreading far,
Thor drives on his thundering car;
When to the aſh of Yggdraſil,
He goes to tell his wond'rous will.
Then ev'ry bridge th' Aſori raiſe,
Shall ſmoke in undulating blaze,
Each mortal ſtream its banks forſake,
And ſacred fonts combuſtion take.

† VINER. The names of many terreſtrial rivers are here omitted; viz: Naunn, Hraun, Slid, Hrid, Sylgr, Ylgr, Vid, Van, Vaund, Straund, Giaull, and Serptr.

‡ "O'er four fam'd rivers,"—Their names are Kaurmt, Aurmt, and the two Herlaugars.

XXX.

*Thoſe ſteeds with unrein'd fury glide,
On which the ſons of Aſi ride;
When ſtudious of the Thund'rer's will,
They crowd the aſh of †Yggdraſil.

* "Thoſe ſteeds,"—Their names are Gladr, Gyllr, Gler, Sceidbrimur, Silferintoppr, Sinir, Giſl, Falhofner, Gulltoper, Lettfeti.

† YGGDRASIL. It is the greateſt of all trees, its branches cover the ſurface of the earth, its top reaches to heaven, it is ſupported by three vaſt roots, one of which extends to the ninth world, or Hell. An Eagle, whoſe piercing eye diſcovers all things, perches on his branches. A Squirrel is continually running up and down to bring news; while a parcel of ſerpents, faſtened to the trunk, endeavour to deſtroy him. From under one of the roots runs a fountain wherein wiſdom is concealed. From a neighbouring ſpring (the fountain of paſt things) three virgins are continually drawing a precious water, with which they refreſh the Aſh-tree; this water keeps up the beauty of its foliage, and, after having refreſhed its leaves, falls back again to the earth, where it forms the dew of which the bees make their honey. Theſe three virgins always keep under the aſh; and it is they who diſpenſe the days and ages of men. Every

XXXI.

O'er three fam'd nations wide it ſhoots,
Three majeſtic antique roots:

man hath a deſtiny appropriated to himſelf, who determines the duration and events of his life. But the three deſtinies of more eſpecial note are Urd (the paſt,) Werandi (the preſent,) and Sculde (the future.)

The Mohammedans have alſo in their mythology a Tree very ſimilar to this, called Tuba or the tree of happineſs: It is ſaid to ſtand in the palace of Mohammed, though a branch of it will reach to the houſe of every true believer; that it is loaden with pomegranates, grapes, dates, and other fruit, of ſurpriſing bigneſs and of taſtes unknown to mortals. So that if a man deſire to eat of any particular kind of fruit, it will immediately be preſented to him; or if he chuſe fleſh, birds ready dreſſed will be ſet before him according to his wiſh. They add, that the boughs of this tree will ſpontaneouſly bend down to the hand of the perſon who would gather of its fruits, and that it will ſupply the bleſt not only with food, but alſo with ſilken garments, and beaſts to ride on ready ſaddled and bridled, and adorned with rich trappings, which will burſt forth from its fruits; and that this tree is ſo large, that a perſon mounted on the fleeteſt horſe, would not be able to gallop from one end of its ſhade to the other in an hundred years.

One ſpreads o'er Hela's confines far;
Another ſhades the *Hrimthurſar;
†Long will the third a race protect,
That laws nor ſacred rites neglect.

XXXII.

The Squirril who with nimble ſkill,
Sports thro' the aſh of Yggdraſil,
The mandates of the Eagle brings,
That plumes aloft his ſpreading wings,
To where ‡Nidhogger far beneath,
Coils in many a ſhining wreath.

XXXIII.

§Four Stags protected by its boughs,
With lifted foreheads daily browze.

* HRIMTHURSAR, a nation of one-eyed inhabitants; this is ſaid of them becauſe they are great marksmen and ſhut one eye when they take aim; they dwelt in the Eaſt.

† "Long will the third a race,"—This means the inhabitants of Southern regions.

‡ NIDHOGGER, the name of a ſerpent.

§ "Four Stags,"—Their names are, Dainn, Dualinn, Duneyrr, and Duradror.

XXXIV.

Beneath the autumnal leaves that ſpread
The ground below the foreſt's head,
More hiſſing ſerpents daily glide,
Than e'er unwary *Apa ſpied.
Grafvitner's ſons are long decreed,
Daily on the Aſh to feed.

XXXV.

The Aſh of Yggdraſil ſuſtains
The beaſts that range a thouſand plains:
Boughs, to the Stag; its bark affords
Protection to the inſect hoards;
While at its root with ceaſeleſs bite,
Nidhogger hides his theft in night.

XXXVI.

†Hriſta and Miſta, daily bear
Bowls that ſooth the brow of care;

* Apa, Apes.

† Hrista and Mista, theſe Goddeſſes are called Valkyries, Odin ſends them into the field of battle to make choice of thoſe who are to be ſlain, and to beſtow the victory.

Ever Odin's chiefs regale,
With ſoul invigorating ale.

XXXVII.

Yok'd to the chariot of the Sun,
Each day thro' heav'n ‡two courſers run:
Then Gods beneath their helmets love
In iron canopy to rove.

XXXVIII.

Preſented to the blazing ſkies,
The argent ſhield, *Sualiner lies:
Nature would its doom receive,
Were it once the heavens to leave.

XXXIX.

Skoller, the direful wolf whoſe rage
Devours the monuments of age,
Purſues the God whoſe eye ſublime
Daily ſurveys each terrene clime.

‡ "Two Courſers,"—Arvacer and Alſuither, the horſes of the Sun.

* SUALINER, the ſolar ſhield or fabulous refrigerator of the world.

Before the gentle Queen of heaven,
To *Hater 'tis forever given
Still to advance—the ſame we're told,
From Herodvitner ſprung of old.

XL.

At firſt the variegated earth,
From fleſh of Ymer had his birth;
His blood ſupplied the ocean bed;
His bones the rocky mountains bred;
Transform'd to herbs his hair was ſeen;
His ſkull o'er-arch'd the blue ſerene;
For man, propitious Deities
Pluck'd the ſhadowings of his eyes,
And Midgar form'd that happy zone,
Which heat and cold alike have flown;
Dun vapors from his brain exhaled,
And clouds in ſcatter'd ſquadrons ſail'd—
Black clouds that in their boſoms bore
The germs of elemental war.

* Hater, another wolf who is the precurſor of the Moon.

XLI.

*Behold! 'midſt circling flames I ſtand:
The youth who ſtretch'd his daring hand—
Him mighty Uller ſhall applaud,
And crown with favor, ev'ry God.
The great Aſori progeny,
Geirrod! ſhall thy baſeneſs ſee;
And urg'd at laſt by Godlike love,
Theſe boiling cauldrons ſhall remove.

XLII.

Th' †Ivaldi ſons, in ancient days,
A glorious fabric ſtrove to raiſe:
‡Skidbladner was the name they gave—

* "Behold!"—Over the fires which ſurrounded Odin, the Cooks had put cauldrons to boil: Odin wiſhed Geirrod or his ſervants to remove them that the Aſori when they drew near, might at once ſee and reſcue him: or perhaps the coming of the Aſori was all a pretence, meant only to intimidate Geirrod.

† IVALDI, a Nation of Dwarfs.

‡ SKIDBLADNER, a Ship ſo large, that all the Gods completely armed might find room to ſit in it at their eaſe. As ſoon as ever its ſails are unfurled,

The nobleſt bark that plough'd the wave.
Soon as the wond'rous toil was done,
They gave it to *Niorder's Son.

XLIII.

Yggdraſil is chief of trees,
That dallies with the wanton breeze;
Let fam'd Skidbladner ever ride,
The faireſt Ship that ſkims the tide:
Odin among th' Aſori claims,
Higheſt honors—greateſt names:
†Sliepner with his thund'ring mane,
Is chief of ſteeds that ſcud the plain;

a favourable gale ariſes and carries it of itſelf to whatſoever place it is deſtined. And when the Gods have no mind to ſail, they can take it into pieces ſo ſmall, that being folded one upon another, the whole will go into a pocket.

* Niorder's Son, Freyer.

† Sliepner, a Horſe with eight feet. His origin is thus related in the Edda of Snorro. One day a certain Architect offered his ſervices to the Gods to build them in the ſpace of two years a City, ſo well fortified, that they ſhould be perfectly ſafe from the incurſions of the Giants, even although

‡Bifroſt ſtands in ſwelling pride,
Chief of piles that bridge the tide:

they ſhould have already penetrated within the encloſure of Midgard; but he demanded for his reward the Goddeſs Freya, together with the Sun and Moon: After long deliberation, the Gods agreed to his terms, provided he would finiſh the whole himſelf without any one's aſſiſtance, and all within the ſpace of one ſingle Winter: But if any thing ſhould remain to be finiſhed on the firſt day of Summer, he ſhould entirely forfeit the recompence agreed on. On being acquainted with this, the Architect ſtipulated that he ſhould be allowed the uſe of his horſe. And to this, by the advice of Lok, the Gods aſſented. This agreement was confirmed by many oaths, and concluded in the preſence of many witneſſes; for without this precaution, a Giant would not have thought himſelf ſafe among the Gods, eſpecially if Thor had been returned from the journey he had then taken into the Eaſt, to conquer the Giants. From the very firſt night, this Giant cauſed his horſe to draw ſtones of an immenſe bulk; and the Gods ſaw with ſurpriſe, that this creature did more work than the maſter himſelf. The Winter however, was far advanced, and towards the latter end of it, this impregnable City had almoſt attained the

‡ Bifrost, the Rain-bow.

Who like *Brag, ſince earlieſt time,
Can weave the magic web of rhyme?

ſummit of perfection. In ſhort, when the full time was now expired, all but three days, nothing was wanting to complete the work, except the gates. Then the Gods entered into conſultation, and enquired of one another who among them it was, that could have adviſed to marry Freya into the Country of the Giants; and to plunge the ſky and heavens into darkneſs, by permitting the Sun and Moon to be carried away. They all agreed that Lok was the author of that bad council, and that he ſhould be put to a moſt cruel death, if he did not contrive ſome way to prevent the workman from accompliſhing his undertaking. Immediately they laid hands on Lok; who in his fright promiſed on oath to do whatever they defired, let it coſt him what it would. That very night while the workman was employing his horſe as uſual in conveying ſtones, there ſuddenly leaped forth a mare from the neighbouring foreſt, which allured the horſe with her neighings. The animal no ſooner ſaw her,

* Brag, a God celebrated for his wiſdom, eloquence, and majeſtic air. He is not only eminently ſkilled in poetry, but the Art itſelf is called from his name Brager, and the moſt diſtinguiſhed poets receive their names from him.

What bird like Habroc ſwift in flight ?
Or bold in the aerial fight ?
What dog with Garmer ſcents afar
The victims of the ſylvan war ?

XLIV.

†My various hardſhips I deſcribe,
Now to the Sigtivori tribe :

but giving way to his ardor, broke his bridle, and began to run after the mare. This obliged the workman alſo to run after his horſe, and thus between one and the other, the whole night was loſt, ſo that the progreſs of the work was delayed till next morning. The Architect perceiving that he had no other means to finiſh his undertaking, reſumed his own proper ſhape; and the Gods perceiving that it was really a Giant with whom they had made the contract, paid no longer any regard to their oath ; but calling the God Thor, he came and ſhattered the head of the workman to pieces with his mallet. Shortly after, Lok came and reported that the Mare had a foal, which after proved to be the famous Sliepner.

† " My various",—Odin now begins to aſſume his true character, and aſſerts that he is inſtilling into the minds of his diſtant friends an idea of his ſufferings.

Protecting hands approach me near!
Steps of Aſori now I hear:
The giants ſeat ſhall they aſcend,
And inmoſt halls with clamours rend.

XLV.

When in the nations I am ſeen,
Mortals who to my fanes convene
‡ Shall hail me with a thouſand names,
Great as celeſtial virtue claims.
* Geirrod trembles! does thy ſoul
Yield the maſt'ry to the bowl?

‡ "Shall hail &c."—The names of Odin are the following: Grimer, Gangler, Herian, Hialmber, Theccer, Thrid, Thud, Uder, Helblind, Harr, Sader, Suipal, Sann-getal, Herteiter, Hnicarr, Bil-eyger, Bal-eyger, Baulvercer, Fiolner, Grimar, Grimner, Glapſuid, Fiolſuid, Sithaviter, Sidſcegg-gar, Sigfander, Henikuder, Alfander, Valfander, Atrid, Farmat, Jale, Rialer, Vider, Oſci, Omi, Jafnhar, Biflinder, Gondler, Harbard, Suidur, Suidner, Ygger, Thunder, Vacer, Hropter, Gau-ten, Jalcer, Ofner, Suafner.

* "Geirrod trembles."—He now begins to diſ-cover who it is he has been tormenting. The latter part of this verſe ſeems to have been ſpoken in a ſtrain of Ridicule.

(The bowl can Gods and men deceive):
Or doſt thou at thy honours grieve?
What heroes croud thy palace gate,
And Gods thy vengeful malice ſate?

XLVI.

Much have I ſaid; but ſaid in vain:
Mem'ry flies thy troubled brain.
Thy friends deceitful preſs around:
I ſee thy faulchion on the ground.
The faulchion of my hoſt is dy'd!
The blood runs purpling from his side!

XLVII.

Ygger ſoon ſhall point the blade,
For deed of rightful veng'ance made.
Thy days are paſt, I now predict:
Now the Deſtinies afflict.
With flames encircled, Odin ſee!
Geirrod! Geirrod! reſcue me.

King Geirrod was ſitting with his ſword upon his knees, half unſheathed; but when he underſtood who it was he had been tormenting, he aroſe to lead him from the fires. The ſword fell with the point upwards; and the king, ſtumbling at the ſame time, fell upon it, and was pierced through the body. Thus he died:—Odin then diſappeared, and Agnarr ſucceeded to the throne.

JOURNEY

OF

SKIRNER.

JOURNEY of SKIRNER.

FREYER, the ſon of Niorder, as he ſat on *Hlidſkialfa, beholding the regions of the world; caſt his eyes on the nation of the Jötunheimi, where he beheld a fair virgin as ſhe paſſed through her father's houſe to a ſolitary apartment. He became ſuddenly very ſad. Skirner was the ſervant of Freyer. Niorder called him and bid him enquire into the cauſe of his maſter's grief. While †Skada the wife of Niorder petulently ſaid—

SKADA.

GO Skirner! ſpeedily enquire,
Conſum'd by what untam'd deſire
Of hidden lore, my ſon retreats
Into his manſion's inmoſt ſeats?

* Hlidſkialfa, the throne in the palace of Valaſkialf, not at Valhalla as ſome have ſaid. This throne was ſo ſituated, that any one ſitting upon it might behold all the regions of the world. It properly belonged to Odin and Frigga, and perhaps the paſſion of Freyer was a puniſhment inflicted on him for his preſumption in ſitting there.

† SKADA,—A gianteſs, wife of Niorder, and ſtep-mother of Freyer.

Aſk him if wiſdom will reſide,
With paſſion, envy, love, or pride?

SKIRNER.

My raſhneſs will I fear bring down,
Th' indignant eye, the ſcornful frown;
Yet will I tempt his ſolitude,
And ſooth him if he think me rude.
Chief of lineage divine!
Long may thy princely virtues ſhine—
Tell me, for I wiſh to know,
The ſtory of thy bitter woe:
Say why you ſhun the field and grove,
And lonely thus your chambers rove.
Should you my boldneſs diſapprove,
Forgive me—'tis the crime of love.

FREYER.*

Why gentle youth thus ſeek to know

*FREYER.—He is the mildeſt of all the Gods, and preſides over the rain and the ſun, and all the productions of the earth. He is invoked to obtain either fine ſeaſons, plenty, or peace; for it is he who diſpences peace and riches.

The hiſt'ry of my ſecret woe?
The cheerful ſun illumes the day,
But leaves to gloom, my ſoul a prey.

SKIRNER.

Thy ſorrows cannot be ſo great,
But friendſhip may participate.
In youth we wander'd gay compeers;
Our ſports the ſame—the ſame our years:
Then why the ſecret ſhun to tell
To one who ever lov'd thee well.

FREYER.

*In Gimer's halls with ſtately pace,
A virgin, deck'd by ev'ry Grace,
Walking lone in beauty's pride,
From Hlidſkialfa I have ſpied.

"In Gimer's halls."—He was one of the race of the giants of the mountains, who had by his wife Orbod, a daughter named Gerda, the moſt beautiful of her ſex.

Her arms in marble luſtre ſhone,
And lucid glories danced along;
A brighter day o'er ether ſpread,
And ocean ſmil'd upon his bed.
A ſtronger flame inſpires my breaſt
Than ever earth-born youth poſſeſt.
Would that I were of mortal mould,
Her charms unenvy'd to infold!
But Gods malignant diſapprove
Immortals join'd to mortal love.

SKIRNER.

Grant from thy ſtalls with quickeſt ſpeed
A courſer of etherial breed;
That thro' the dun obſcure of night
May bear me clad in ſpectre light.
Let me too the ſword diſplay,
Round which the beamy lightnings play—
That ſword portentous, gleaming far,
Which ſcatters all the files of war.

EREYER.

Take from my ſtalls with quickeſt ſpeed,

A courſer of etherial breed;
That thro' the dun obſcure of night
May bear thee clad in ſpectre light.
*Take too the ſword which they who know
Wiſely to uſe, will on each foe
Unſufferable ſplendors pour.

SKIRNER,

ADDRESSING HIS HORSE.

†Midnight rules the fateful hour!

* "Take too the ſword."—Freyer had occaſion to repent afterwards, of his having given his ſword to Skirner. He had firſt an encounter with Bela, and having no ſword, was forced to defend himſelf with the horn of a ſtag. But in the twilight of the Gods, he miſſes it much more; for thereby he is vanquiſhed by Surtur.

† "Midnight rules."—This is not unlike Mezentius's addreſs to his horſe Rhœbus—

Haud dejectus, equum duci jubet: hoc decus illi,
Hoc ſolamen erat: bellis hoc victor abibat
Omnibus. Alloquitur mœrentem, & talibus infit.
Rhœbe! diu, res ſi qua diu mortalibus ulla eſt,
Viximus. Aut hodie victor ſpolia illa cruenta,
Et caput Æneæ referes, Laufique dolorum
Ultor eris mecum: aut aperit ſi nulla viam vis
Occumbes pariter: neque enim fortiſſime, credo
Juſſa aliena pati, & dominos dignabere Teucros.

Bright unnumber'd ſtars appear:
The time of our departure's near.
Let us the arduous toil purſue,
And dip our feet in mountain dew.
Together we will danger try,
Together live, together die.

Skirner was carried among the Jötunheimi, to the houſe of Gimer, where were a number of fierce dogs. He rides up to a Shepherd keeping ſheep on a hill, and thus addreſſes him—

SKIRNER.

Shepherd! art thou ſeated there
To guard from wolves thy fleecy care?
Or doom'd to ſpend thy loneſome days
Guardian of theſe deſert ways?
*Gimer's dwelling lo! I ſeek,

* "Gimer's dwelling,—Freyer being a God was very well able to inform Skirner of the names of thoſe he went to.

With lovely Gerda wiſh to ſpeak:
Inſtruct me how it may be done,
And teach me too thoſe dogs to ſhun.

SHEPHERD.

Art thou to death foredoom'd a prey?
Or dead, reviſit'ſt thus the day?
The dogs will never be beguil'd—
Thou can'ſt not ſpeak with Gimer's child.

SKIRNER.

Good ſhepherd liſten to the tale—
Death and life are in the ſcale!
Worn with many an anguiſh'd ſigh,
One there is prepar'd to die:
Already is the day decreed—
If I ſucceed not, he muſt bleed.

GERDA.

What noiſe is that aſſails my ear?
Sounds of coming ſteps I hear!
Earth a ſtrange commotion feels!
Gimer's tower terrific reels!

MAID.

A trav'ller to the gate draws nigh,
With manly port and daring eye:
Now he alights from off his ſteed,
And turns him forth at large to feed.

GERDA.

*Bid him welcome—Maiden! haſte—
Let him our metheglin taſte:
†Yet ſtill I feel a ſecret fear,
Some murderer approaches near.

GERDA.

Doſt thou from th' Alſori come?
Or 'mong the Aſori is thy home?

* "Bid him welcome."—The northern nations were peculiarly remarkable for hoſpitality to ſtrangers; and eſteemed a breach of its laws among the greateſt of crimes.

† "Yet ſtill."—Gerda's brother had been formerly killed by a ſtranger.

Or of the Vani? haply then,
Wiſeſt of the ſons of men.
Why alone—no ſuccour near—
Didſt thou the ‡hoſtile fires dare?
Whence could a worthy cauſe proceed
To prompt thee to ſo mad a deed?

SKIRNER.

Not from th' Alſori do I come;
Nor 'mong the Aſori is my home;
Nor me, the Vani honors grace,
Deem'd wiſeſt of the human race:
Yet ſtill the firey ways I trod
Alone, that lead to thy abode.

*Eleven apples, Maid! behold,
I offer thee of radiant gold:

‡ "Hoſtile fires."—Perhaps this may be a figurative expreſſion, to deſcribe the fury of the dogs who guarded the manſion.

* Eleven Apples."—Apples ſeem always to have been conſecrated to love; thus we find in Virgil's

That thou a favoring word would'ſt give,
And bid the gentle Freyer live.

GERDA.

Know at no mortal beck I ſtand—
Ceaſe thy offer—I command.
From Freyer will I keep aloof:
He never comes beneath this roof.

Eclogues the Shepherd ſending ſome to his Miſtreſs.

———Silveſtri ex arbore lecta
Aurea mala decem miſi: cras altera mittam.

"Aurea," Servius explains as belonging more to the colour, than the ſubſtance of the fruit: a ſimilar explanation may be alſo applied perhaps to the "radiant gold" of which Skirner's apples were ſaid to be formed.

PROPERTIUS had perhaps in his eye the preceding paſſage in Virgil when he ſaid in his 34th Elegy,

Utque decem poſſint *corrumpere mala puellam*.
And again—Felix, qui viles *pomis mercaris amores*.
Ariſtophanes alſo had ſaid—

Μηλοβολειν γαρ ηλεγον ῖοεις αφροδισια δελεαζειν.
Επει και το μηλον αφροδίης εσιν ιερον.

SKIRNER.

Gerda! lo I offer more—
*The mighty ring that †Hermod bore
Thro' Hela's flames; and thence retriev'd,
The ſtrange fecundine power receiv'd:
Eight ſiſter rings in weight and uſe,
Ev'ry ninth night to produce.

GERDA.

Of thy preſents talk no more—
I'll not take what Hermod bore.

* "The mighty ring,"—This was a ring that Balder ſent from Hela as a token of remembrance to Odin. Odin threw it on the funeral pile of his Son and endued it with the wonderful property related.

† HERMOD,—Surnamed the nimble or active, the Son of Odin. At the requeſt of Frigga he went on Odin's horſe down to hell to ſearch for Balder. For the ſpace of nine days and as many nights he travelled through deep vallies, ſo dark that he did not begin to ſee where he was going till he arrived at the river of Giöll. He paſſed over the bridge that led to hell, which he found defended by a large grate, over which he leaped and found Balder ſeated in the moſt diſtinguiſhed ſeat in the palace.

Gold I have, enough to ſpare:
Niörder's wealth I will not ſhare.

SKIRNER.

Maiden! ſee this ſword divine
With finely poliſh'd luſtre ſhine:
Soul of beauty! thou art dead—
Sever'd thy devoted head—
If reſolv'd with proud diſdain,
Still to ſlight thy lover's pain.

GERDA.

My right, my freedom, and my hand,
I yield to no proud foe's demand;
While Gimer can his faulcion rear,
I, nor thee, nor Freyer fear.

SKIRNER.

Maiden! ſee this ſword I wear,
Temper'd with celeſtial care:
Can'ſt thou view thy father fall,
Mangled in his cheerful hall?

If thou conſent not, 'tis decreed
By this the hoary chief ſhall bleed.

Again behold this wand I lift,
Virtued with the wond'rous gift;
Of taming ſtubborn mortals ſtill,
Obedient to ſuperior will.
Maiden! thou conſign'd ſhalt be,
To endleſs, dark obſcurity.

Juſt as the famiſh'd eagle high
On clifts that ſeem to prop the ſky,
At morning's dawn, with eager ken,
Looks wiſtful o'er the diſtant glen:
So thou to joy alive no more,
*Shalt caſt thine eyes t'wards Hela's ſhore:
The charm of ſweeteſt ſound ſhall die
And pleaſure from thy palate fly;

* "Shall caſt, &c."—that is, ſhe ſhould be ſo diſſatisfied with life, as to wiſh even to die.

While noxious ſavor taints thy ſood,
† Worſe than the ſerpent's venom'd blood.

Forth ſhalt thou go a monſter ſeen,
Defil'd with noiſome filth obſcene.
On thee ſhall Hrimner fix his eyes,
And mortals ſtare in mute ſurpriſe:
Far off like ſome malignant ſtar,
Thine infamy shall gleam afar:
Yet ever thro' thy priſon grate,
To look and languiſh be thy fate.

Solitude's unvarying hour;
Hatred's heart-corroding power;
Clanking chains that galling bind;
Impatience—ſcorpion of the mind;
Theſe are tortures thou ſhalt know,
While floods of grief unceaſing flow.
Maiden ſit awhile and hear,
What other woes afflict thee near:

† "Worſe than, &c.—The ſerpent of Midgard is here meant.

Double ſorrow is thy doom—
For good that's paſt, and ills to come.

Horror ſhall thy path attend,
Where'er thy lonely footſteps bend;
Daily where *Hrimthurſar reign,
Go progreſs mournful o'er the plain,
Oppreſt with ſoul tormenting care—
Prey of comfortleſs deſpair.
Thou art doom'd in tears to find
The only ſolace of thy mind:
The lengthen'd ſorrow—ceaſeleſs tear,
In thy deſtiny appear.

Three-headed monſters, ſtanding round,
Shall ever with their yells confound:
At night around thy joyless bed,
No nuptial torch its rays ſhall ſhed:
Grief ſhall leave thee no repoſe,

* HRIMTHURSAR,—Were the fierceſt of all the Giants.

At morning's dawn—at even's close:
Deſpair ſhall round thy ſoul be twin'd,
And drink the vigor of thy mind;
As round the oak rank ivy cleaves,
Steals all its ſap, and blaſts its leaves.

An unſhorn mountain's brow I ſought,
Where never lonely woodman wrought;
There the magic wand I found,
And pluck'd it joyful from the ground.

Thy cruelty hath Odin ſpied;
Thundering Thor beheld thy pride;
E'en Freyer now has felt diſdain—
But e'er, O Maiden! you obtain,
The veng'ance due from Gods on high,

Giants ſhall thy doom deſcry;
Hrimthurſar ſhall thy wailings hear;
Suttungi ſons ſhall freeze with fear;
And godlike heroes ſhudd'ring ſee,
The horrors of thy deſtiny.

Now the nuptial joy is marr'd !
Now the mother's hope debarr'd !

Midſt priſons of the ghaſtly dead,
Whence ſmiling hope is ever fled,
Himgrimner ſhall thy durance keep,
With watchful eyes that never ſleep.
Squalid youths with ghaſtly grin,
In hollow bitter roots ſhall bring,
Urine of the unſav'ry goat,
To quell the parchings of thy throat.

Better cups ſhall never grace
The orgies of that direful place.
All thy prayers ſhall ceaſe to move,
The ſoul of diſappointed love.
Mark the giant ! mark him well !
Hear me his attendants tell !
Can'st thou with the Fiends engage,
Madness, *Impotence*, and *Rage?*
Thus thy torments I deſcribe :
The furies in my breaſt ſubſide ;

Peace her empire has begun;
The die is caſt—the work is done.

GERDA.

Youth! ſome words of comfort ſay—
Ceaſe thy angry threats, I pray.
The maſſy flaggon deign to wield,
With generous cool metheglin fill'd.
Gods! and ſhall I never prove,
The ſweets of honourable love?

SKIRNER.

Before my miſſion I complete,
Tell me what the happy ſeat!
Where thou to gentle Freyer's arms,
Wilt yield poſſeſſion of thy charms.

GIRDA.

In Barian groves the appointment keep,
Where winds on billowy verdure ſleep:
And when nine nights their courſe have run,
I there will meet Niorder's ſon.

Skirner returns home, and is met by Freyer, who immediately begins—

FREYER.

E'er thy foot the green ſwerd preſs,
Tell me, Skirner! what ſucceſs?

SKIRNER.

In Barian groves the appointment keep,
Where winds on billowy verdure ſleep.
There, when nine nights their courſe have run,
The maid will meet Niorder's ſon.

FREYER.

One is long—yet longer twain—
But who a third night can ſuſtain?
Whole months in ſwifter current move,
Than half one ſleepleſs night of love.

THE SONG OF HARBARD.

THOR returning from his expedition in the Eaſt comes to a certain ford: on the oppoſite ſide ſtood a ferryman near his boat, with whom Thor thus begins—

THE SONG OF HARBARD.

THOR.

What Ferryman is he who ſtands,
By his Boat on yonder ſands?

*HARBARD.

What man is he, on yonder ſide,
Who ſends his voice acroſs the tide?

* Harbard. We find this mentioned as one of the names of Odin in the enumeration of them given in the Song of Grimner; and it is probable that Odin took the diſguiſe of a ferryman, that he might have an opportunity of trying his wit with his Son Thor.

THOR.

O'er the ferry bear me hence;
I'll an ample meed diſpenſe.
In my baſket, lo! I bear,
Cates I've cull'd with niceſt care.
Ere I left my homely ſhed,
On oats and herrings long I fed:
But viands on a toilſome way,
The trav'ller needs more choice than they.

HARBARD.

Improvident! thy baſket ſtore,
Why praiſe for nouriſhable power?
And little preſcient of the road,
Know'ſt not to prize the precious load.
†Hark! death invades thy diſtant home!
Heard'ſt thou not thy mother's groan?

† "Hark,"—As Harbard intended to delay Thor at the ford, he wiſhed to make the hinderance as irkſome as poſſible, and therefore mentioned a circumſtance which he knew would, above all others, excite his curioſity, and increaſe his deſire of finiſhing ſpeedily his journey.

THOR.

Well I know thee—thou haſt ſaid,
Hark! thy diſtant mother's dead;
Becauſe thou kneweſt, I believe,
How my ſoul the news would grieve.

HARBARD.

Grief had been none, if ſome eſtate,
Had reconcil'd thy mother's fate.
That thou art poor, thy legs declare,
And weeds that ſtrolling jugglers wear.
Naught do I ſee—ſo mean thou art,
‡To hide thy moſt inglorious part.

THOR.

Hither ferryman, I pray,
Puſh thy veſſel on its way.

‡ "To hide,"—It is probable that Thor had ſtripped off his lower garments for the purpoſe of wading through the ford; but finding it too deep, had been compelled to call upon Harbard for aſſiſtance.

Who the owner, tell beſide
That bade thee o'er theſe banks preſide ?

HARBARD.

Hildolf is the owner's name ;
Far thro' theſe lands, has ſpread, his fame.
In Radſeyia's bay he lives,
And thence this ſtrict injunction gives—
Let not the baſe-born preſs thy keel,
Nor vagabonds, that horſes ſteal :
Be honorable men thy freight,
And on the worthy trav'ller wait.
Acroſs the Frith thy name unfold,
If on thy way thou wiſh to hold.

THOR.

With other views, this morn I came—
Yet freely I profeſs my name ;
And all my pedigree unfold,
In archives of the Gods enroll'd.
Odin's paternal care I prove ;
Meili claims a brother's love ;

Me Magni's filial mind reveres—
Stern dynaſt of the ſtarry ſpheres.
With mighty Thor diſcourſe you hold—
Ferryman! thy name unfold.

HARBARD.

Harbard I! and 'tis my pride,
Never from man my name to hide.

THOR.

Why ſhould'ſt thou wiſh to hide thy name,
Except oppreſt with guilty ſhame?

HARBARD.

Did I ſuch guilty terror feel,
'Tis true my name I would conceal;
When ſuch a virtuous God were by,
Unleſs I madly wiſh'd to die.

THOR.

Among the mis'ries of my life,
With thee I deem this verbal ſtrife:

Forc'd as I am, to ſeek thy ſhore,
And wet my garments with thine oar.
But villain! know ſome other day,
Thy words ſarcaſtic I'll repay.

HARBARD.

I my rightful power uſe,
And hither all approach refuſe:
Since bold *Hrugner went below,
Thou never found'ſt ſo fierce a foe,

THOR.

Thoſe words to memory recall,
Hrugner's unlamented fall.
On him my fatal mallet ſped—
The Giant with the rocky head:

* HRUGNER.—This giant, in his encounter with Thor, carried a lance made all of wetſtone. Thor broke it in pieces by a blow with his mallet, and made the ſplinters fly ſo far, that all the ſubſequent wetſtones found in the world, are parts of it; as indeed they appear evidently broken off from ſomething by violence. This genealogy of wetſtones is not inferior in ingenuity to that of Ovid's Lapis Lydius.

He trod no more the ways of men—
What, Harbard! thine achievements then?

HARBARD.

In *Algrona's fertile iſle,
Five winters I endur'd the while:
With brave Fiolvar there I liv'd,
And hoſpitable cheer receiv'd.
With him the battles brunt I bore,
And dy'd the meadow flower with gore:
There did I every danger prove;
And largely too indulg'd in love.

THOR.

Didſt thou in that happy iſle,
The maidens eaſily beguile?

HARBARD.

They were wiſe, as wiſe I've ſeen;
But tainted with virago ſpleen:

* "Algrona" ſignifies perpetual verdure.

They were fair, as fair could be;
But all their paſtime, cruelty.
They twiſted once with dexterous hand,
A rope of untenacious ſand;
And fill'd a valley's vaſt profound,
With many a mountain ſummit round.
Happy I their love to gain,
Revell'd with them on the plain.
Oft encircled in their arms,
I woo'd their ſmiles and won their charms.
What the mean time didſt thou do?

THOR.

I the race of Thiaz ſlew:
Above I hurl'd their glaring eyes,
And ſtars illumin'd all the ſkies.
There all mortals ever read
The records of the glorious deed.
What meantime did the fates decree,
Harbard! for thy deſtiny?

HARBARD.

To Gigantean dames I bore,

Philtres of ſeductive power—
Strong was the ſpell, and tender flame,
Shot unreſiſted thro' their frame.
Helibard was great of mind,
And chief among the Giant kind;
He gave a wand, by magic made,
And I with guile his gift repaid.

THOR.

Good with evil to requite,
Has ever been the knave's delight.

HARBARD.

What you approve, may me diſpleaſe—
A different ſoil to different trees:
Let each his own miſdeeds reform.
What meanwhile did Thor perform?

THOR.

I in eaſtern climate's rode,
Near a Giant's drear abode:
There, the craſty dames to ſpite,
I ſent the chief to ſhades of night.

Had he liv'd, fair *Midgard's zone,
A wild and joyleſs waſte had ſhown.
Meanwhile Harbard what thine aim?

HARBARD.

Bent on war to †Gaul I came:
Chief I ſtir'd with chief to fight,
Nor cared I which was wrong or right.
Odin's heroes boldly dare,
The fierce arbitrament of war:
A ſervile, cringing, coward race
The banners of vile Thor diſgrace.

THOR.

Had'ſt thou the power to divide,
Honor's meed to either ſide;
Unjuſtly would'ſt thou ſink my fame,
And lift on high my rival's name.

* "Midgard," was the fortreſs by which men were defended againſt the incurſions of the Giants.

† "Gaul," from the derivation of this word in the Icelandic language it may ſignify any foreign country or field of battle.

HARBARD.

Brutal ſtrength I own is thine;
But faint thy mental virtues ſhine.
I ſaw thee once with all thy pride,
Low in a ſweaty *Gauntlet hide.

* "Gauntlet."—The ſtory of Thor's ſleeping in a gauntlet, is thus told in the Edda of Snorro: One day the God Thor ſet out with Lok, in his own chariot, drawn by two he-goats; and when night came on, put up at a peaſant's cottage. Thor ſlew his two he-goats and dreſſed them for ſupper. The peaſant and his children were invited to the repaſt. He had a ſon whoſe name was Thialfe and a daughter called Raſka. Thor ordered them to throw all the bones into the ſkins of the goats: but Thialfe looking for the marrow broke one of the ſhank bones. Thor the next morning, waved his mallet and the two goats reaſſumed their wonted form; but one of them was found to be lame. Thor ſuſpecting that this miſchief had been done by ſome one of the family, grew enraged and ſeized furiouſly his mallet. The peaſant implored forgiveneſs and Thor was appeaſed; but carried away with him Thialfe and Raſka. Leaving his goats, he went with his companions to the land of the giants. Overtaken on their journey by night, they went as they thought into the houſe of a certain Giant to ſleep. Here

No thundering accents then were heard;
For fear had ſtifled every word.

they paſſed the night: but in the middle of it, an earthquake ſhook their abode. Thor was terrified and ſeized his mallet to defend himſelf. Meanwhile they heard a rumbling noiſe—It was a Giant who had alarmed them by his ſnoring. Thor immediately binds on his girdle of courage and enquires his name. "My name is Skrymner," ſays he, "and thy name is Thor: tell me have you not picked up my gauntlet?" Thor then perceived that he had been ſleeping in the Giant's gauntlet; and the chamber was only one of its fingers. The Giant joined his company, and travelling all day, lay down at night under an oak to ſleep; telling Thor to go to his wallet if he wanted any thing to eat. Thor tried to open it, but was unable to looſen a ſingle knot. Vexed at this, he ſeized his mallet and threw it at the Giant's head. The giant awoke, and enquired if ſome leaf had fallen upon him. Thor remained quiet under another oak; and when the giant began to ſnore again, drove his mallet into the hinder part of his head. The giant awaking enquired of Thor if ſome ſmall grain of ſand had not fallen upon that part, and why he did not go to ſleep. Thor however reſolving to have a third blow, watched his opportunity, and drove the mallet up to its handle into the giant's cheek. Skrymner awoke, and enquired if ſome bird's feather had not fallen upon him. They then riſe, and quietly purſue their journey.

Great Thor was then *afraid to ſneeze,
And trembled at each paſſing breeze.
†Fiolarr ſought, but ſought in vain :
What mortal can his ſcorn contain ?

THOR.

Peace, rude ſland'rer ! ſtop thy throat ;
Were I ſtationed near thy boat,
Thee to Hela I would ſend.
'Tis well my arm will not extend.—

HARBARD.

Why my words thy rage provoke ?
More harmleſsly I never ſpoke.
Whither meanwhile went great Thor ?

* "Afraid to ſneeze."

Nec ſuſtinebas ibi
Præ formidine tua
Pedere neque ſternuere.

† "Fiolarr," another name for Scrymner.

THOR.

I in eaſtern climes waged war;
There Suarangi ſons withſtood,
Preſſing thro' the frontier flood.
Long they hurl'd the ſplinter'd rocks;
But boldly I withſtood their ſhocks:
Till weary with the ſtriſe they ceaſe,
And ſue at laſt to me for pęace.
To Harbard meanwhile what enſued?

HARBARD.

*In the Eaſt a maid I woo'd:
Fair as the ſtately teil tree, ſhe
Oft held me in ſweet colloquy.
Beneath her radiance when ſhe ſmil'd,
Gentle Loves my cares beguil'd;
Her bright effulgence dim'd the day;
Pleaſant was our amorous play!

* "In the Eaſt," &c. Harbard purpoſely ſuppreſſes the name of the virgin, leſt Thor ſhould diſcover who he was.

THOR.

Thou wert bleſt with many a maid.

HARBARD.

Then, O Thor! I miſs'd thy aid.
One there was like orient morn,
And graceful as of Goddeſs born.

THOR.

Surely ſhe had been thy bride;
But fate my preſence there deny'd.

HARBARD.

They who once their friends deceive,
Friends ſeldom afterwards believe.

THOR.

Think'ſt thou I'm like thoſe mortal ſhoes,
*Made indurate by vernal dews?

* "Made indurate."—This is a northern proverb to denote a falſe friend; becauſe a ſhoe that has become ſtiff, hurts the foot of the wearer which it was meant to defend.

HARBARD.

While I enjoy'd the maiden's ſmile,
What did mighty Thor the while?

THOR.

In Helſeyia's lands I ſlew,
*The partners of a giant crew.
Juſt, my vengeance on them fell—
Deep ſkill'd in every magic ſpell.

HARBARD.

Bravely done, I own, great Thor!
On feeble women to make war.

THOR.

†Wolves they were, all mortals ſwore;
And only form of women bore.

* "The partners."—Theſe were the wives of the Berſerki; who were giants remarkably fierce, and ſkilled in magic.

† "Wolves, &c."—The whole of Thor's anſwer is ſpoken ironically.

They daſh'd my veſſel on the ſands,
That bore me oft to diſtant lands:
An iron ſcourge they twiſted then,
And drove me back to Thialfen.
What meanwhile can Harbard boaſt?

HARBARD.

I amid a warlike hoſt,
Sublime the floating banners bore,
And dipp'd my javelin in gore.

THOR.

Thou, offspring of the ſordid earth,
To me of high celeſtial birth,
Offered'st thy bare conditions then,
And ſought for peace 'twixt Gods and men.

HARBARD.

The conteſt of the ring I know,
Made thee once my bitter foe:
Yet ſtill the judges thought it fair,
Tho' ſcrutiniz'd with greateſt care.

THOR.

Whence doſt thou thoſe gibes relate,
Pointed with malignant hate?
For never ſmote upon mine ear,
A ſpeech ſo ſaucy and ſevere.

HARBARD.

I took them from the daily ſpeech,
That old men to their children teach:
And ev'ry one the ſame can tell,
That in the groves immortal dwell.

THOR.

Truly thoſe groves of little fame,
Receive too honourable name.

HARBARD.

Such is the name that mortals give,
Who love beneath their ſhade to live.

THOR.

Amply ſhall thy wit be paid,
If I begin the ford to wade:
Howling like a wolf you'd reel,
If once my mallet doom'd to feel.

HARBARD.

Better Sivia's houſe go find,
Fill'd with damſels fair and kind.
Wiſely there thy proweſs ſhow,
But dread to meet a braver foe.

THOR.

Thou ſhoot'ſt with moſt pernicious ſpite,
But ſeldom aim'ſt thy ſhafts aright.
Infernal caitiff, wretch abſurd!
Thou lieſt at thy every word.

HARBARD.

This, however, muſt be true,
Slowly you your way purſue:

Better progreſs had you made,
If in ſome other form array'd.

THOR.

Harbard does my right deny,
More than wrongs can juſtify.

HARBARD.

Did Thor's vile ſhepherd ne'er prevent,
Aſeus when on journeying bent ?

THOR.

A truce, good Harbard ! take thy oar,
Launch thy bark and leave the ſhore :
Ceaſe each petulent reproach,
And Magni's fire with ſpeed approach.

HARBARD,

Truce vile Thor ! forſake the ſhore,
The fates forbid to bear thee o'er.

THOR.

Tho' a paſſage thou deny,

Tell how the road's long windings lie.

HARBARD.

What's the road I ſoon can ſay;
But long and toilſome is the way.
Thro' a marſh you firſt muſt go—
Then lofty rocks their ſummits ſhow;
Thence purſue the left hand road,
To diſtant Verland's fair abode.
There anxious Fiörgin ſhall ſee,
Her long expected progeny:
She the winding ways will teach,
E'er to Odin's land you reach.

THOR.

Can I reach there while 'tis day?

HARBARD.

Long and tedious is the way:
But e'er the the weſt'ring trav'ller ſet,
To Odin's dwelling you may get.

THOR.

Then here enquiry ſhall ſubſide,
For thou art all ill will and pride:
But for the boon deny'd this day,
Some future time will I repay.

HARBARD.

Let perils round thy path be ſpread,
And furies howl about thy head!

THE SONG OF HYMER.

SONG

OF

HYMER.

I.

Gods purſue the ſylvan fight—
Gods that in fierce war delight.
The chace is o'er, and weary they,
Awhile the banquet's joy delay,
Till the teeming entrails tell,
Truth divin'd by miſtic ſpell.
Their awful wands they now erect;
Now the ſacred blood inſpect.
Soon by omens ſure, 'twas known,
*Ager did no cauldron own.

* Ager."—A great Magician, and Lord of Helſeyia: coming from Aſgard was received by the Aſi at a ſplendid banquet. When he departed, he invited Odin and all the Aſi to come to his

II.

The Gods command—and thro' the ſkies,
With eagle ſpeed bold *Veorr flies.
In youthful vigor Ager ſhone,
Sitting on a rocky throne:
Giant terrors deck'd his brow:
Odin's ſon addreſſes now—
'Tis your's for Aſi ſons with ſpeed,
To ſpread the banquet late decreed.

manſion at a time he then appointed. The Aſi were afraid there was no ſincerity in his invitation, becauſe there was little dependence to be placed upon the friendſhip of the Giants. To find if their ſuſpicions were well founded, they made a ſacrifice, and examined the entrails of the victim. They found that Ager had no cauldron, and concluded that his invitation was all falacious. The Aſi, therefore, ſent Veorr to inſiſt upon an immediate banquet, which they knew he could not poſſibly give. By this means they hoped to find a pretence for quarreling with Ager and ſpoiling him of his riches.

* Veorr.—One of the names of Thor.

III.

Never more ungrateful word,
The one-eyed, ſordid monſter heard.
Now his angry eye-balls roll;
*Dark deceit abſorbs his ſoul.
Veorr quickly, hither bear,
A cauldron thro' the fields of air:
Ale, with ſpeed, I then will brew,
Worthy chiefs like them and you.

IV.

†That exploit, the immortals grieve,
Their powers unequal to atchieve;

* "Dark deceit."—Ager began to find out the drift of the Aſi, and thought to avoid the neceſſity of giving a banquet, by throwing ſome difficulty in the way.

† "That exploit."—Thor is now ſuppoſed to have returned to the Aſi, and to have related to them the ſucceſs of his miſſion: but this the poet has left to the judgment of the reader to find out. There are many ſuch quick tranſitions in this poem, which it is neceſſary particularly to attend to.

Till ‡Tyr a wond'rous ſecret told,
Alone, to §Elorrid the bold.

V.

Hymer ſkilld' in magic ſpells,
'Mong eaſtern Elivagi dwells—
He, the father that I boaſt,
Ranges earth's remoteſt coaſt:
His houſe a cauldron can ſupply,
Of unexplor'd profundity.

VI.

Think'ſt thou Hymer wont refuſe?
Not if we diſcretion uſe.
Swiftly chariotted they ride,
Thro' the earth-ſpread regions wide:
E'er ſetting day the night revive,
At the giant's houſe arrive.

‡ Tyr—This Tyr is a different perſon from him who was the ſon of Odin, and who loſt his hand by the bite of the wolf.

§ Elorrid.—One of the names of Thor.

VII.

The trav'llers to the ſheep cotes lead,
Their goats with gilded horns to feed:
Soon Hymer's halls their ſteps reſound;
There brave Tyr his grandam found:
She whom ev'ry mortal dreads—
The monſter with nine hundred heads.

VIII.

With eye brows white as pureſt ſnow,
His mother came in friendlieſt ſhow.
Her veſt with gold was garniſh'd o'er;
Her hands a maſſy flaggon bore:
Giant ſons! ſhe ſaid, regale,
Round our tables crown'd with ale.

IX.

But know that Hymer is not kind!
Fierceſt paſſions rule his mind.
No mortal on his word depends,
And works begun, he ſeldom ends.
Now from the foreſt's daily roam,
Hymer ſlowly ſought his home.

X.

Wide flew the doors—a thund'ring clang,
Thro' his *icy mountain rang:
The frozen foreſt on his chin,
Sent as he ſtrode a hideous din.

XI.

Hail Hymer! hail, with me rejoice—
Theſe Halls reſound a ſtranger voice.
From travels long on diſtant bourns,
Our Son,—our long-loſt Son returns:
Veorr, come of gentleſt race—
He too has deign'd our Halls to grace.

XII.

But lo! he hides, and e'en thy ſon,
The terrors of thy brow to ſhun:
Yon Pillar's ſafe-guard fix'd their choice,

* "Icy mountain."—This muſt be an Hyperbole to expreſs the greyneſs of his hair, and the vaſt bulk of his head.

Soon as they heard thy awful voice.
The Giant ſhot an angry look,
The maſſy pillar inſtant ſhook :—
His eyes upon the ceiling lit,
And ev'ry beam aſunder ſplit.

XIII.

Eight cauldrons on the pillar hung,
The fury of his eye balls flung
With deaf'ning uproar thro' the hall :
Seven were broken by the fall.
The eighth uninjur'd by the ſtroke,
Eſcap'd the ſtorm the reſt had broke.
All trembling now the gueſts appear :
The Giant Hymer drew more near :
But ſudden ſtartled with ſurpriſe—
†His old opponent met his eyes.

† " His old opponent."—Thor was well known among the Giants as their greateſt enemy. Hymer therefore, as we find ſoon afterwards, was willing to conciliate the favor of one whoſe power he had ſo much occaſion to dread.

XIV.

Veorr ſadly did ſorebode,
As the Giant nearer ſtrode.
Of three fat Bulls he thin'd the ſtall,
To grace for once his niggard hall.

XV.

Kill'd and dreſs'd, he plac'd them whole,
In a wide extended bowl.
On theſe the ſon of Odin fed,
E'er at night he ſought his bed:
One ſuffic'd the gueſts to treat,
Two the giant Hymer eat.

XVI,

Hymer's wife, with eye-brows hoar,
The waſte of food lamented ſore:
Our fields, ſhe cry'd, will ſcarce ſuffice,
Another day ſuch large ſupplies.

XVII.

Veorr anſwer'd he could row,
And far in ocean ſtrait would go,

At fiſher's toil to try his fate,
If Hymer would ſupply the bait.
That I will, the chief reply'd,
And boats to carry us beſide.
Let the tamer of mankind
His baits among my paſtures find.

XVIII.

Of all the beaſts that range the field,
A Bull the choiceſt bait will yield.
Swift to the woods the hero flew,
And thence the wiſh'd for victim drew.

XIX.

On his forehead high upborne,
Mid way betwixt each branching horn,
The king of giants dealt a blow,
And laid the bellowing monſter low.
Navigator, Hymer cries,
Verily, thy deeds ſurpriſe!
But ſtill the happier I had been,
Had I not thy proweſs ſeen.

XX.

Farther into ocean now,
Let us launch our daring prow,—
The valiant ſon of Odin cry'd:
But Hymer his aſſent deny'd.

XXI.

Firſt ſucceſs was Hymer's fate;
A whale's wide ſwallow took the bait;
Mightily his line he drew,
And in the boat the monſter threw.
Soon crafty Thor th' expedient took,
Beneath the boat to fix his hook.

XXII.

The deſtin'd victor of the ſnake,
Now began his rod to take,
A firm-ſpun cable-line he took,
And fix'd the bull's head to the hook.
The zone-like monſter ſeiz'd the bait,
That Gods indignant juſtly hate.

XXIII.

Veorr fiercely drew the line,
The ſlimy ſpires began to ſhine;
Voluminous the reptile wreath'd,
As firſt the untry'd air he breath'd:
Then guided o'er the veſſel's ſide,
Lay ſpreading many a furlong wide.
*Veorr to his mallet fled,
And ſmote the wolf-like ſerpent's head.

* Veorr, &c.—The ſtory of Thor's engagement with the Great Serpent, is told differently in the Edda of Snorro, which was written, or collated rather, 180 years after the Edda of Sæmund. As it may not be unentertaining to compare the two together, it ſhall here be related:—

Thor reſolved to attack the ſerpent if an opportunity offered: with this view he ſet out from Aſgard under the form of a young boy, in order to go to the giant Hymer. When he got there, he beſought the giant to permit him to go on board his bark with him when he went a fiſhing. The giant anſwered, that a little puny ſtripling like him, could be of no uſe to him, but would be ready to die of cold when they ſhould reach the high ſeas, whither he uſually went. Thor anſwered him, that he feared nothing; and aſked him what bait he intended to fiſh with. Hymer bade him

XXIV.

Rocks wept in everlaſting ſtone;
The craggy mountains heav'd a groan;
Frenzy'd earth ſtrange terror took,
And to her inmoſt centre ſhook.

look out for ſomething. Thor went up to a herd of cattle which belonged to the giant, and ſeizing one of the oxen, tore off his head; then returning to the bark, where Hymer was, they ſat down together. Thor placed himſelf in the middle of the bark, and plyed both his oars at once: Hymer, who alſo rowed at the prow, ſaw with ſurpriſe how ſwiftly Thor drove the boat forward, and told him, that by the land marks on the coaſt, he diſcovered that they were come to the moſt proper place to angle for flat fiſh. But Thor aſſured him that they had better go a good way further: accordingly they continued to row on, till at length Hymer told him if they did not ſtop, they would be in danger from the great ſerpent of Midgard. Thor perſiſted in rowing further in ſpite of the admonitions of the giant. Then taking out a fiſhing line exceedingly ſtrong, he fixed to it the ox's head, unwound it, and caſt it into the ſea. The bait reached the bottom; the ſerpent greedily devoured the head, and the hook ſtuck faſt in his palate. Immediately the pain made him move with ſuch violence, that Thor was obliged to hold

Veorr then the monſter hurl'd,
Far into the watery world.

XXV.

Little joy did Hymer feel,
Nor could he his diſgrace conceal:

faſt by the pegs which bear againſt the oars: but the ſtrong effort he was obliged to make with his whole body, cauſed his feet to force their way through the boat, and they went down to the bottom of the ſea; whilſt with his hands, he violently drew up the ſerpent to the ſide of the veſſel. It is impoſſible to expreſs the dreadful looks which the God darted at the ſerpent, whilſt the monſter, raiſing his head, ſpouted out venom upon him. In the mean time, the giant Hymer, ſeeing with affright, the water enter his bark on all ſides, cut with his knife, the ſtring of his fiſhing-line, juſt as Thor was going to ſtrike the ſerpent with his mallet. Upon this the monſter fell down again into the ſea: nevertheleſs, Thor darted his mallet after him, and bruiſed his head in the midſt of the waves. Then Thor ſtruck the giant a blow with his fiſt, nigh the ear, and throwing his head into the ſea, waded afterwards on foot to land.

We ſee plainly in the above fable, the origin of thoſe vulgar opinions entertained in the North, and which Pontoppidan has recorded, in his hiſtory of Norway, concerning the Kraken.

But ſought the wide boat's fartheſt ſide,
And there, his oar, in ſilence ply'd.

XXVI.

Wilt thou Veorr ! Hymer cries,
Aſſiſt in bearing home our prize ;
And lend me too a willing hand,
To haul the veſſel on the ſtrand.

XXVII.

Elorrid delay'd no more,
But high in air the veſſel bore—
Whales, pumps, oars, benches, ropes and all,
And plac'd them in the mountain hall.

XXVIII.

Th' exploit was great—yet Hymer's pride,
Still ſuperior ſtrength deny'd :
Beſt prov'd he ſaid if by one ſtroke,
Yon firm compacted bowl he broke.

XXIX.

Elorrid at his folly laught ;—
Then broke in two the column's ſhaft :

This he did, nor left his ſeat,
So eaſy the prodigious feat.
Hymer's ſervants now croud round,
And place the bowl upon the ground.

XXX.

The hoſteſs inſtantly drew near,
And whiſper'd Veorr in the ear;
Dull'd by repaſt—no miſchief dread:
Daſh it at the Giant's head.

XXXI.

Veorr quickly ſtood upright,
Awful in collected might:
The bowl was ſhiver'd by the ſtroke:
The rocky ſkull remain'd unbroke.

XXXII.

Much I fear'd the old man cry'd,
This night ſome miſchief would betide,
Since bright I ſaw the flaggon ſtand,
Poliſh'd by too frequent hand.

In vain the banquet I bewail:—
Too freely Veorr drinks my ale.

XXXIII.

Other ſports will I ſupply:
Lift yon maſſy cauldron high.
Mighty Tyr his ſtrength twice prov'd—
Twice the cauldron ſtood unmov'd.

XXXIV.

Up roſe Veorr from his ſeat,
(Earth ſhook beneath his pond'rous feet,)
Then high in air the cauldron ſwung:
The hooks were broke whereon it hung.

XXXV.

He fled, and many regions paſt,
Veorr turn'd his eyes at laſt:
When bent on ſwift purſuit he ſaw,
Hymer forth his legions draw:
In haſte they leave each lone receſs,
And ſwift to weſtern climates preſs.

XXXVI.

The cauldron ſpeedily put by,
Veorr lifts his mallet high,
And deals his vengeful blows about,
Thick on the rocky headed rout;
Who, manful in their chieftain's right,
Had follow'd Hymer to the fight.

XXXVII.

E'er long they journey'd on their way,
The goat of Veorr dying lay:
His foot diſabled by a ſcar,
Check'd the fury of his car.
* Lok, that evil minded ſon,
This deed had fraudulently done.

* Lok.—The antient Scandinavians ſeem to have regarded him as their evil Genius; whom, nevertheleſs, they ranked amonſt their Gods. He is called the calumniator of the Gods, the grand contriver of deceits and frauds, the reproach of Gods and men, and the architect of guilt. He is beautiful in his figure, but his mind is evil, and his inclinations inconſtant. No body renders him divine honors. He ſurpaſſes all mortals in the

XXXVIII.

Hymer's baſeneſs now you know;
(And who like me the truth can ſhow?)
Veorr's vengeance I have ſung;
And Hymer ſpoil'd of many a ſon.

XXXIX.

Veorr glorying in his ſtrength,
Seeks the abode of Gods at length.
His arms the maſſy cauldron hold,
Poſſeſs'd by Hymer long of old.
Ager now ſhall glad the ſoul
Of Gods, with his autumnal bowl.

arts of perfidy and craft. He had many children by his wife Segnie: beſides three monſters who owe their birth to him; the wolf Fenrir, the ſerpent of Midgard, and Hela or Death. All three are enemies to the Gods, who, after various ſtruggles, have chained the wolf till the laſt day, when he ſhall break looſe and devour the ſun. The ſerpent has been caſt into the ſea, where he ſhall remain till conquered by the God Thor. Hela, or Death ſhall be baniſhed into the lower regions, where ſhe ſhall have the government of nine worlds, into which ſhe diſtributes thoſe who are ſent to her.

THE

FEAST OF AGER,

OR

QUARREL of LOK.

ARGUMENT.

AGER, or Gymer, had prepared a feaſt for the Aſi, after he had obtained the great Cauldron ſpoken of in the preceding Ode. To this feaſt came Odin and his wife Frigga. Thor was abſent on an expedition in the Eaſt. Sifia the wife of Thor was preſent, Brag alſo and his wife Iduna. Tyr was there having but one hand; for as he ſtrove to bind Fenrir the wolf, it was bitten off. Niorder and his wife Freya, and Vidar the Son of Odin were there. Hither alſo came Lok, and the ſervants of Freya, Beygguer and Beyla; together with many of the Aſi and Alfori. Ager had two ſervants Fimaffenger and Elder. There poliſhed gold anſwered the purpoſe of lights: and the bowls were handed about by inviſible agency or a certain inſtinctive power belonging to each. The place was ſacred to peace. The gueſts praiſed the ſervants of Ager; which diſpleaſed Lok, and he killed Fimaffenger. The Aſi took their ſhields, and aſſaulting Lok, drove him into a wood. Afterwards they ſit down to carouſe. But Lok ſoon returning, thus began with Elder:

FEAST OF AGER,

OR

QUARREL of LOK.

ERE another ſtep you go,
Elder! tell, for well you know,
What high ſubjects entertain,
The jovial Sigtivorian train.

ELDER.

Arms thoſe Heroes love to tell,
And what in bloody fight befel:
Th' Aſori and Alſori bold—
They no flatt'ring ſpeeches hold.

LOK.

Now the Gods their ſeats forſake
Ager's ſupper to partake.
For Aſi ſons the bowl I fill
With mead, the ſource of many an ill.

ELDER.

Know if Ager's halls you tread,
To taſte the banquet I have ſpread;
The angry Gods will not permit,
Th' intruſion of thy venom'd wit.

LOK.

Thy reproaches Elder! ſpare,
Nor thus my well known fury dare:
If undue liberty thou take,
Pointed ſpeeches I can make.

Lok then entered into the hall. The Aſi were aſtoniſhed at his coming and remained ſilent.

LOK.

Late return'd from diſtant lands,
Lok, behold! a ſuppliant ſtands:
Jovial ſons of Aſi haſte,
Let me your metheglin taſte.

Why oppreſs'd with ſilent gloom?
Gods! do you deny me room?
To the banquet's joys invite;
Or boldly ſay—depart our ſight.

BRAG.

Thee, to this hoſpitable dome,
Aſi ſons forbid to come:
For well the ſons of Aſi know
On whom their favors to beſtow.

LOK.

Station'd in a foreign clime,
Odin! recollect the time,

When I thy curſt deſigns withſtood,
And mix'd with thine my ſtreaming blood:
Then thou ſwor'ſt that bowls were free,
Mutually 'twixt thee and me.

ODIN.

Vidar! yield at my deſire:
Welcome make the wolfiſh Sire.
The miſcreant then perchance may ceaſe
To interrupt our banquet's peace.

LOK.

Aſi and Aſiniæ, hail!
All within this ſacred pale!
All but him I yonder ſee—
Brag is my ſworn enemy.

BRAG.

A horſe, a falchion, and a ring,
Speedily to thee I'll bring,
The price of peace—if thou refrain,
To interrupt our peace again.

Quell thy malice—I adviſe,
And make not Gods thine enemies.

LOK.

Horſes and jewels ill belong,
To him that's neither brave nor ſtrong.
Of all the Aſi feaſting here,
You are moſt the ſlave of fear:—
In battle's bloody conflict, you,
Swift to fly but not purſue.

BRAG.

Well I know theſe walls debar
Strife of ſpirits edg'd to war:
Elſe thy life would ill requite,
The malice of thy words this night.

LOK.

Brav'ry animates thy ſoul,
When briſkly circulates the bowl:
Now, while anger prompts, away!
I'll meet thee in the bloody fray.

*IDUNA.

By all thine infants! I entreat,
Huſband, do not leave thy ſeat—
By all the Gods this manſion throng!
Do not anſwer wrong for wrong.

LOK.

Peace, Iduna! elſe, I ſwear,
Thy am'rous follies I'll declare:
No bluſhes o'er thy pale face ſpread,
To take a murd'rer to thy bed.

* IDUNA.—She was the wife of Brag; and kept in a box certain apples, which the Gods taſte of whenever they feel old age approaching; for theſe apples have the virtue of reſtoring youth to all who eat them. It is by this means that the Gods will ſubſiſt, till the darkneſs of the laſt times.

The apples of Iduna are a very agreeable fiction. In the hiſtory of them we diſcover the favorite ſyſtem of the Celts, reſpecting the inſenſible and continual decay of nature and of the Gods, who were united to it, and depended upon it.

IDUNA.

Lok! I anſwer not thy ſpite;
Such wrangling would diſgrace the night.
Gentle Brag! thy portion drink,
Nor more of Lok's mad challenge think.

*GEFIONA.

Wherefore a contentious word,
Among the peaceful Aſi heard?
†Lopter, prey of fell deſpair,
Seeks deſtruction ev'ry where.

LOK.

Peace, Gefiona! I pray;
Doſt thou recollect the day,
When a youth of winning ſmile,
Did thy eaſy love beguile?

* GEFIONA.—The Goddeſs of virginity, who takes into her ſervice, all chaſte maids after their death.

† LOPTER.—One of the names of Lok.

‡How a toy he then ſupply'd,
Which you to chaſteſt uſe apply'd.

ODIN.

Surely Lok his wits has loſt,
Thus a Goddeſs to accoſt :—
She who with keen ſighted ken,
Reads the fates of Gods and Men.

LOK.

Odin, peace ! for ill you know,
The meed of virtue to beſtow :
Often you the knave and fool,
Bid to conquer—bid to rule.

ODIN.

On ſuch as theſe, 'tis well you know,
Partial I my gifts beſtow.
Thee I hous'd in depths profound,

‡ " How a toy."—Hoc erat monile quod aiunt in coitu facere mulieres laſcivas.

*Eight winters underneath the ground :—
There infants on their mothers hung ;
And there didſt thou bring forth thy young.
Beſt employ I could divine,
For ſoul effeminate like thine.

LOK.

You, on diſtant travel bent,
Halting thro' Samſeya went :
There from door to door you ſtray'd,
In Fortune-teller's garb array'd.
What better fate could Gods divine,
For ſoul deceitful ſuch as thine ?

*FRIGGA.

The time forbids to liſten more,

* " Eight winters."—There is no veſtige remaining of Northern antiquities, which throws light on this circumſtance.

* Frigga.—She is the ſame with the Grecian Venus. Dies Veneris was called after her name, Frigga's day or Friday : Her huſband alſo, which was Odin, has a day appropriated to him, originally called Woden's-day, but now Wedneſday.

Where Odin halted—monſters bore.
Ceaſe in anger to relate,
What in former days your fate.
Wiſe men hold the preſent faſt,
And bid oblivion hide the paſt.

LOK.

Ceaſe, good Frigga! ceaſe thy pother—
Worthy child of worthy mother.
Thou in unſelected arms
Haſt laviſhly beſtow'd thy charms.
Thee to th' altar †Vidrer led;
But you led others to his bed.

FRIGGA.

From Hela's realms, were Balder here,
He'd diſcipline thy tongue with fear:
Theſe ſacred walls were weak to charm,
The force of his vindictive arm.

† VIDRER.—One of the names of Odin.

LOK.

Urge me no further with diſdain;—
Ungrateful truth can I explain:
I round Balder's ſhoulders threw,
*The ſhades that hid him from thy view.

†FREYA.

Lok! tis folly to relate,
Crimes from thee that take their date.

* "The ſhades."—Alluding to the circumſtance of his having perſuaded Hoder to fling the miſtletoe at Balder, by which he was tranfixed and killed.

† "Freya."—She is the moſt illuſtrious of the Goddeſſes next to Frigga. She married a perſon named Oder, and brought him a daughter named Noſſa, ſo very handſome, that whatever is beautiful or precious is called by her name. But Oder left her in order to travel into remote countries. Since that time Freya continually weeps, and her tears are drops of pure gold. She has a great variety of names; for having gone over many countries in ſearch of her huſband, each people gave her a different name: ſome calling her Vanadis, or the Goddeſs of Hope, &c. &c. She wears a rich chain of Gold.

Frigga vainly boaſts no power,
Yet Frigga knows each fateful hour.

LOK.

Freya! you in beauty ſhine,
But ſtore of virtue is not thine:
Ev'ry Aſi here can boaſt,
Some favor at thy huſband's coſt.

FREYA.

Gall drops from thy tongue diſtil,
That will in time procure thee ill.
Aſi ſons, with one conſent,
Wiſh thee from the banquet ſent!

LOK.

Freya, peace! each ſpell is thine,
That blackeſt ſorcery can divine.
*Thou againſt thy brother's life,
Raised'ſt the Gods to mortal ſtrife.

* "Thou againſt."—There is nothing in hiſtory that explains this circumſtance.

NIORDER.

†Parum noxæ habet,
Etſi cuſtodes velamentorum
Sibi parent amaſium, vel quemcunque.
Iſtud monſtri eſt ſimile, quod
Deus pathicus huc intro advenit,
Atque is liberos peperit.

LOK.

Tace Niörde!
Tu eras iu orientem hinc,
Obſes miſſus a diis;
Hymeris filiæ utebantur
Te pro lotii alvealo
Atque tibi in os immejebant.

† "Parum noxæ."—The ſentiments and expreſſions of this and the following verſe would not admit with propriety of an Engliſh verſion; and as the original would be unintelligible to the generality of readers, they are given in latin.

NIORDER.

That day I never ſhall repent,
When to the eaſt an hoſtage ſent:
For there an offspring bleſt my loves—
A Prince whom ev'ry God approves.

LOK.

Niörder! ceaſe thy ſilly prate,
Or other follies I'll relate:
A ſiſter you to inceſt won,
And thence a viler race begun.

*TYR.

Of all the illuſtrious princes round,
Freyer to none is ſecond found:

* Tyr, a Warrior and Deity, protector of champions and brave men. He ranks among the braveſt of the Gods, ſo that it is proverbial to ſay of a man who ſurpaſſes others in valor, that he "*is as brave as Tyr*:" The Gods one day perſuaded the Wolf Fenrir, their enemy, to permit himſelf to be chained; but he fearing that they would never after-

He dries the weeping virgin's tear;
He bids the vanquiſh'd ceaſe to fear;
To oppreſs the poor, his ſoul diſdains;
And frees the captive from his chains.

LOK.

I charge thee, Peace! for ill you know
To compromiſe 'twixt foe and foe:
Remember once your hand was bit,
By Fenrir in an angry fit.

TYR.

I ſuffer'd in a hand at moſt;
But you your reputation loſt:

wards unlooſe him, perſiſted in his refuſal, till Tyr put his hand by way of pledge, into the mouth of the monſter. The Gods not judging it proper to redeem the pledge by unchaining the wolf, he bit off the God's hand, ſevering it at that part, which has been ever ſince called, "*Ulflither*," or the "*Wolf's joint.*" From that time this God has but one hand. His remarkable prudence has given occaſion to this form of expreſſion, ſuch a one is "*ſagacious as Tyr.*" He does not like to ſee men live in peace.

Villain ! you the wolf applaud,
That threatens death to ev'ry God.

LOK.

Ceaſe thy lying, ſland'rous tongue !
Thy wife to me produc'd a ſon :
Nor could'ſt thou, Impotent ! obtain,
Redreſs to wipe away the ſtain.

FREYER.

*I ſee the wolf, whom Gods afflict,
Where rivers meet the ocean, ſit :
Perſiſting in malicious hate ;
This, architect of guile ! thy fate.

* "I ſee the wolf."—This ſtory is told in the Edda of Snorro. The Gods bred up the Wolf Fenrir, but none among them durſt approach to give him food except Tyr. When they perceived that he grew prodigiouſly in ſtrength and ſize, and were warned by the oracles that he ſhould one day become fatal to them ; they determined to make ſtrong iron fetters for him. They preſented them to the Wolf, deſiring him to put them on ; to

LOK.

Gymer's daughter you deceiv'd,
Who, Skirner's lying threats, believ'd;
But there, to thy eternal coſt,

ſhew his ſtrength in endeavouring to break them. The monſter perceiving that this enterprize would not be very difficult, permitted the Gods to do what they would; and then violently exerting himſelf, burſt the chains, and ſet himſelf at liberty. The Gods made ſtill ſtronger chains, and perſuaded him to be bound a ſecond time. The wolf ſaw plainly that they could not be broken ſo eaſy as the firſt; but finding himſelf increaſe in ſtrength, and knowing that he could never become famous without running ſome riſk, voluntarily ſubmitted to be chained. As ſoon as this was done, he ſhook himſelf, rolled upon the ground, daſhed his chains againſt the earth, and at laſt burſt his fetters, which he made to fly in pieces all around him. After this the Gods deſpaired of ever being able to bind the wolf: whereupon the univerſal Father ſent Skirner, the meſſenger of the God Freyer, into the country of the black Genii, to a dwarf; to engage him to make a new bandage to confine Fenrir. This bandage (formed according to Goranſon of ſix materials, namely, the noiſe made by cats feet; of a woman's beard; of the roots of

For love, the myſtic falchion loſt.
The ſons of Miſpell, like a flood,
Soon ſhall ſweep the gloomy wood;

mountains; of the nerves of bears; of the breath of fiſhes; and the ſpittle of birds,) was perfectly ſmooth, and to all appearance like a common ſtring. When it was brought to the Gods, they were very thankful; and taking the wolf with them into a certain iſland in a lake, they ſhewed him the ſtring, and entreated that he would try to break it. They took it themſelves one after the other, and attempted the exploit in vain; and then told him, that there was none beſide himſelf, who could accompliſh ſuch an enterprize. The wolf ſeeing it ſo ſlight, miſtruſted ſome artifice, and refuſed to be bound. The Gods redoubled their perſuaſions, and at length, the wolf that he might not ſeem a coward, ſubmitted to be bound; on this condition however, that one of them ſhould put his hand in his mouth as a pledge of ſecurity. The wolf could not extricate himſelf, and the Gods were exceedingly diverted, all except Tyr, who loſt his hand by the bargain. The Gods ſeeing him faſt bound, took the end of the ſtring, and drew it through the middle of a large rock, which they ſunk deep into the earth. To make his confinement ſtill more ſure, they tied the end of the cord, which came through the rock, to a great ſtone, which they ſunk ſtill deeper. The wolf

No weapon then ſhall grace thy hand,
Their furious inroads to withſtand.

BEYGGUER.

If from thoſe natal honors ſprung,
That grace Niorder's valiant ſon:
Thy chatt'ring, *crow-like, guilty head,
Like pulpy marrow ſhould be ſpread:
And ev'ry bone within thy ſkin,
Small as the path-way duſt be ſeen.

opening wide his tremendous jaws, endeavoured to devour them; but the Gods thruſt into his mouth a ſword, which pierced his under jaw. The howlings which he then made were horrible; and ſince that time, the foam flows continually from his mouth in ſuch abundance, that it forms a river called *Vam* or *The Vices*. At the twilight of the Gods, and not before, will he break his chain.

* "Crow like."—The crow has ever been eſteemed the moſt petulant, and quarrelſome of birds, and therefore was a very applicable epithet for Lok.

LOK.

What does that dwarfiſh miſcreant ſay?
Go to the larder, ſpeed thy way;
Gorge on each dainty; lick each plate;
But ſhun to taſte my bitter hate:
For Freyer each baſe office fill—
And ſervile labor at his mill.

BEYGGUER.

Beygguer's my name, and 'tis my pride,
At feaſts convivial to preſide
Chief of the train, to Gods who bear,
Cups that liquidate all care.

LOK.

Peace, thou ill-form'd, haggard thing,
†Cups thou know'ſt not how to bring:

† Cups thou, &c."—Beygguer was not then in his proper office, for he was the Cook and Steward of Freya. He had been forced perhaps to take upon him the employment of waiting on the gueſts,

When din of battle bray'd around,
Thou in a ſtuff'd ſtraw-bed wert found.

HEIMDALLER.

Thus in dregs of folly ſunk,
Art thou miſcreant! mad or drunk?
Cups intemperate always teach,
Virulent abuſive ſpeech.

LOK.

Peace, Heimdaller! ſordid fate,
Mark'd thy lot from earlieſt date:
*On thee the dew of heaven diſtill'd,
Station'd in th' opprobrious field.

on account of the death of Ager's ſervant, whom Lok had killed. There is one objection to this however, becauſe the cups were ſaid to be borne about by inviſible agency.

* "On thee the dew."—It has been obſerved before, that Heimdaller was the Watchman of the Gods.

SKADA.

Lok! thy tongue will never fail;
†Sporting with a wanton tail.
On a bleak rock's craggy ſteep,
Where froſt winds ſtormy vigils keep,
Thee, vindictive Gods ſhall bind,
With cords of ſtrong inteſtine kind.

LOK.

Tho' on a bleak rock's craggy ſteep,
Where froſt winds ſtormy vigils keep,
Gods vindictive me may bind,
With cords of ſtrong inteſtine kind:
Yet know, I ſent with this right hand,
Thy hoary ſire to Hela's ſtrand.

† "Sporting with, &c."—This is ſimile taken from a dog, who wags his tail when he is pleaſed. Lok in like manner, was pleaſed with the opportunity he then had of abuſing the Gods.

SKADA.

Tho' thou ſent'ſt to Hela's ſtrand,
Thiaz with accurſed hand;
Yet from my halls and rich domain,
A tempeſt on thy head ſhall rain.

LOK.

Kinder ſpeeches from thy tongue,
Sooth'd the ears of Lofeyia's ſon;
When thou heard'ſt his midnight tread,
Gently ſtealing to thy bed.
Honeſt Lok will not conceal—
If crimes exiſt, he muſt reveal.

Beyla coming forwards, offers to Lok a cup of mead, and thus addreſſes him:

LIII.

Lo! gentle Lok! I intercede,
And pledge thee with this cup of mead,
That ſhe of all th' Aſori train,
Free from thy ſlander may remain.

Lok drinks the mead, and anſwers,

LIV.

Not e'en thyſelf can I paſs by ;
Thy crime is infidelity :
To Elorrid's bed a rival came,
And Lok was the intruder's name.

BEYLA.

Lo ! the mountains quake with fear !
Elorrid approaches near :
Now thy calumny ſhall ceaſe,
And Gods and men recover peace.

LOK.

Silence, Beyla ! Beygguer's wife !
Thou haſt led a Sorcereſs life.
Monſter foul ! repudiate jade !
No more the aſori race degrade.

Thor enters and ſpeaks.

LVII.

Ceaſe, foul prater ! mortals' ſcorn !

High my vengeful mallet's borne:
Ev'ry hope of life is fled—
Soon it ſmites thy guilty head!

LOK.

Son of Earth! but late I came—
Why ſhould rage convulſe thy frame?
Such vaunting words will not be ſpoke,
When 'tis with the wolf to cope;
Sneakingly you'll ſkulk away,
And leave your aged ſire a prey.

THOR.

Ceaſe foul prater! mortals' ſcorn!
High my vengeful mallet's borne;
Ev'ry hope of life is fled—
Soon it ſmites thy guilty head!
To the Eaſt I'll hurl thee then;
Far from the cheerful haunts of men.

LOK.

To tell the Gods, what there you did,

Time and circumſtance forbid :
How neck to heel, in narrow bound,
The pigmy Thor a refuge found.

THOR.

Ceaſe, foul prater ! mortals' ſcorn !
High my vengeful mallet's borne :
Ev'ry hope of life is fled—
Soon it ſmites thy guilty head !

LOK.

Altho' thy mallet me deſtroy,
You a banquet will enjoy :
Thongs of Sæhrimner once you eat,
And thought them a delicious treat :
Starving then, enforc'd you ſaid,
Fighting valor muſt be fed.

THOR.

Ceaſe, foul prater ! mortals' ſcorn !
High my vengeful mallet's borne :

Ev'ry hope of life is fled—
Lo! it ſmites thy guilty head!
Then to Hela thee I'll ſend,
In priſon there thy days to end.

LOK.

I, the truth with fearleſs tongue,
To Aſi and Alfori ſung:
To thee, great Thor! alone I yield—
Fierce in the enſanguin'd field.

Ager made a feaſt this night;
But never more ſhall gueſt invite:
Flames his manſion ſhall ſurround,
And creeping up his back be found.

Lok, after this, took the form of a ſalmon, and plunged into the cataract of Franangrenſis. There they took, and bound him with the inteſtines of his ſon Narer: but his other ſon, Naſier, was turned into a wolf. Skada brought a ſnake, and ſuſpended it over the face of Lok, that the venom

might drop on him. Sigyne, the wife of Lok, caught the venom in a bowl; and when it was full, carried it out: in the mean time it fell upon Lok. Then he was ſeized with a great tremor, by which the whole earth was ſhaken; that to this day, is called an Earthquake.

THE

ODE OF THYRM,

OR

RECOVERY of the MALLET.

THE

ODE OF THRYM, &c.

I.

THOR uprifing from his bed,
Finds his truſty mallet fled!
Stormy paſſion rends his ſoul;
Fierce his flaſhing eye-balls roll;
From his heaving breaſt uprear'd,
Guſty whirlwinds ſhake his beard;
With bootleſs ſearch he gropes around;
Then ſmites his head and ſtamps the ground.

II.

Furiouſly his voice he lifts;
Rocks reſound and mountain cliſts:
Haſten, Lok! behold a crime,
Yet uncatalogued in time!

Witneſs earth and heaven my wrong !
The God is ſpoil'd—the mallet gone.

III.

They on buſieſt ſearch intent,
Their ſteps to Freya's dwelling bent.
Freya ! ſwift for Lok prepare,
Wings to cut the liquid air !
To find my mallet—ev'ry ſhore,
And ſkies, and ſeas ſhall he explore.

FREYA.

Tho' form'd of ſilver were their mould,
And ev'ry feather tipt with gold ;
Yet the rich boon I'd not deny,
To bring to light ſuch villany.
Lok boyant in the purple ſky,
Shakes his ſounding pinions high,
O'er Aſori climes he ſails,
Favor'd by propitious gales ;
The Aſi ſcarce his track deſcry,
Loſt in the dubious diſtant ſky :

Nor does he, till thoſe lands in ſight
Where giants wander, check his flight.

V.

Thrim, Thurſori Lord, was now
High ſeated on a mountain brow:
He call'd his dogs in pairs around;
Their necks in golden leaſhes bound;
And, recent from the duſty plain,
Compos'd each flying courſer's main.

THRYM.

Lok! what meſſage doſt thou bring,
From Aſi on impetuous wing,
(The chief begun) that thus alone,
Thy face is to the Jötni ſhown?

LOK.

Woes the Aſi race betide!
Alfi ſons have loſt their pride!
Haſt thou, chief, the mallet hid,
Late poſſeſs'd by Elorrid?

THRYM.

I the hateful mallet hid,
Late poſſeſs'd by Elorrid,
Low in dreary caves profound,
Eight miles underneath the ground :
He the mallet ſhall retrieve,
That Freya's hand to me ſhall give.

IX.

Lok mounting boyant in the ſky,
Shook his ſounding pinions high :
The lands he left where giants roam,
And quickly reach'd his diſtant home.
Thor he met, in thought profound,
Pacing ſlow his halls around :
Anxious doubts the chief oppreſt,
Who, thus his words to Lok addreſt.

THOR.

Lok ! in language brief expreſs,
What thy labors—what ſucceſs.

Ere repaſt or bowl regale,
Tell thy long expected tale.
Me forlorn and ill at eaſe,
Legends long have ceas'd to pleaſe:
Thor, repoſing on his bed,
Has long on hope's ſpare diet fed.

LOK.

I the hateful thief have found!
'Tis hid eight miles beneath the ground:
He the mallet ſhall retrieve,
Who to Thrym ſhall Freya give.

XII.

To beauteous Freya ſoon they brought,
Tidings with no joyance fraught.
Thor commands the unwilling fair
Nuptial garments to prepare:
Together we, the hero cry'd,
Muſt to the Jötni regions ride.

XIII.

Paſſion in Freya's cheek glow'd hot;

Cold tremors thro' her boſom ſhot:
To her wan eye, the tidings threw
On all things round a ſaddening hue:
The heaving bracelet on her breaſt
The ſorrows of her ſoul confeſt.
But yet, ſhe cries, I'll not refuſe
Man's beſt privilege to uſe;
Conſent with you to go, I give,
To confines where the Jötni live.

XIV.

The Aſi and Aſiniæ ſtate,
Were now conven'd in cloſe debate;
How they to Elorrid might reſtore,
The mallet he poſſeſs'd of yore.

XV.

Heimdaller, wiſe Aſori ſon,
Firſt the high conſult begun:
(Oſttimes he the miſts withdrew
That hid futurity from view,)
Let us, he cries, the chief adorn,
With that bright veil at nuptials borne;

Whoſe hyacinthine glories ſhine,
Emblem of bluſhing love divine.

XVI.

Keys from his girdle let him wear,
Symbolic of domeſtic care:
A virgin's mantle round him throw,
That looſe in ſweeping folds may flow:
Let golden rings his hands adorn,
And round his head a wreath be worn.

XVII.

Quickly Thor objection fram'd—
I ſhall a puling girl be nam'd
By Aſi ſons; if round my head
This Hyacinthine veil be ſpread.

XVIII.

Care not for that, Loveya's ſon!
Lok, in quick reply begun;
Know th' Aſgardi ſons ſhall reign,
If thou thy arms doſt not regain!

XIX.

Thor then with nuptial tire was crown'd:
Low ſwept his pall along the ground:
In emblematic order ſhone,
The keys ſuſpended from his zone:
Rings upon his hand he bore,
And round his head a garland wore.

XX.

I too in female garb array'd,
Lok cry'd, will imitate thy maid:
Thus we'll to the Jotni ride,
Nymph and ſervant, ſide by ſide.

XXI.

Quickly to their goats they flew,
And round the ſhining harneſs threw.
The gilded chariot, form'd for ſpeed,
Soon confeſs'd th' immortal breed.
Rocks, as they purſu'd their way,
Diſſolv'd in ſmoking clouds away;

And as their flying ſteps rebound,
Lambent radiance fired the ground:
Nor was their untam'd fury ſpent,
Till Thor to th' Jötni went.

XXII.

Thurſori! dynaſts of this ſphere!
(Thor began approaching near,)
Strew around each fragrant flower!
Quick prepare the nuptial bower!
Freya from Niorder ſprung,
Whom Noathuna calls her ſon,
Comes to grace your chieftain's bed—
Haſte the wedding banquet ſpread!

THRYM.

Flocks of no ignoble breed,
I in my rich paſtures feed:
Oxen too with jetty hide,
Daily my repaſts provide:
Emerals of liquid green,
In my cabinets are ſeen:

Pearls and jewels there abound
That might a Goddeſs form ſurround.
All I want is Freya's charms,
And Freya ſoon ſhall bleſs my arms.

XXIV.

Ere ether glow'd with weſtern red,
Fair the rich repaſt was ſpread.
Thor eat daintily and ſpare—
Eight ſalmon and an ox his ſhare.
For courſer food he wiſely deem'd,
Ill the fairer ſex beſeem'd.
Elorrid too his thirſt repreſt;
With but three mod'rate flaggons bleſt.

XXV.

Chieftains! who this board ſurround,
(Thrym exclaim'd) theſe deeds confound:
For never did a bridegroom ſee,
His fair one eat ſo greedily.
Such appetite, in maid or wife,
I never witneſs'd in my life.

Never were ſuch draughts of mead
Before, to maiden's ſhare decreed.

XXVI.

Theſe words the two impoſtors ſhock;
Up roſe the waiting woman Lok,
And rack'd her fancy to deviſe
Some ſpeech to ſooth the chief's ſurpriſe.
Eight nights, ſhe cry'd, we've poſted here,
Nor taſted hoſpitable cheer:
So great was Freya's wiſh to ſee
The Jötni ſons, and ſup with thee.

XXVII.

Thrim ſmil'd, and am'rouſly inclin'd,
Threw the veil of Thor behind;
Then ſtarting ſideways from his ſeat,
Affrighted, made a ſwift retreat.
Freya! he cries, ah! tell me why
Thou look'ſt at me ſo furiouſly:
For verily thine eye-balls ſtare
With moſt terrific fiery glare.

XXVIII.

Lok, ever fam'd for apt reply,
Strove the chief to pacify.
Well may her looks, he cry'd ſurpriſe,
Eight nights no ſleep has bleſt her eyes:
Such was her ſtrong deſire to ſee
Th' Jötni ſons, and ſleep with thee.

XXIX.

The giant's ſiſter then drew near,
And what the portion, wiſh'd to hear.
Lo! I will yield, at Thrym's command,
Theſe ſhining jewels from my hand;
If he my love would wiſh to gain—
Love unimpeach'd with guilty ſtain.

XXX.

Thrym by doubts no more perplex'd,
Thus his ſons around addreſs'd—
The Mallet hither bring, my boys,
To conſecrate our nuptial joys;

Place that dread Contunder there,
Safe in the ſoft lap of my fair.
Now the bridal bed array—
Haſte my children—no delay.

XXXI.

Safe the Mallet thus to view,
Elorrid's joy to rapture grew.
Ere another word he ſpoke,
Firſt the giant Thrim he ſmote;
Then with indignation warm,
Thrim's deſcendants felt his arm.
Bravely he the mallet us'd,
And ev'ry chief to atoms bruis'd.

XXXII.

Proſtrate all the giant crew—
Swift to the ſordid dame he flew.
That ſhe the portion ſhould require,
With tenfold fury edg'd his ire.
Inſtead of jingling ore he throws,
Round her head fierce clatt'ring blows;

And in default of dower and rings,
More furiouſly his mallet ſwings.
His veng'ance o'er—and weapon won,
Home return'd Loveya's ſon.

THE

SONG

OF THE

RAVENS.

SONG

OF THE

RAVENS.

I.

ODIN's *ſtrength may never fail;
Aſori ſtill in wit prevail;
Vani ſons be counted wiſe;
Fates may weave the Deſtinies;
†Dryas calamities increaſe;
Woes of mortals never ceaſe;
Peace by ‡Thurſi be withſtood;
Nymphs imbrue their hands in blood.

* "Odin's ſtrength,"—Perhaps the meaning of this verſe is, that the powers and virtues which are attributed to Odin and the reſt, availed nothing in the calamity which then threatened the Aſi ſtate.

† Dryas, a fabulous gigantic woman, by whom the Heavens are ſuppoſed to be prefigured.

‡ Thurſi, the Geloni.

II.

Forth is iſſu'd the decree,
*Evil days ſhall Aſi ſee!
Potentates 'gainſt them ſhall league
Skill'd in every dark intrigue.
†Odræſis ever ſafe remains,
While Urda guards the ſacred plains:
To inveſtigate their doom,
In vain the ſons of Aſi come.

III.

Now they turn the intentful mind,
Other oracles to find;
But angry Gods their woes increaſe,
And bid each lucid viſion ceaſe.

* "Evil days,"—The Aſi were ſenſible that ſome great calamity was about to befall them; but what it was, or by what remedy it might be averted, they were entirely ignorant. It is ſuppoſed to be the death of Balder.

† Odræſis, was the vaſe in which the liquor of wiſdom was contained. All approach to this was prohibited by Urda, who was appointed to this ſtation by certain ſuperior Gods hoſtile to the Aſi.

‡Thrainer's words bewilder'd ſeem,
Like the maniac's mid-day dream:
‡Dainer's ſhrines their ſecrets tell,
Deep involv'd in myſtic ſpell.

IV.

*Duergi ſons, beneath heavens cope,
Sometimes lift their hands in hope;
Again their fruitleſs toil bewail;
Down ſink their hands—their ſpirits fail.
Thoſe whom the mountain clifts delight,
Where ſwift †Ginnunger wheels his flight,
All pale behold the heavens above
In direful trepidation move.

‡ Thrainer and Dainer, two oracles.

* Duergi, the Dwarfs who ſuſtained the heavens. Their names were North, Eaſt, Weſt, and South. They are repreſented as ſcarce able to ſuſtain the weight of the falling Heavens.

Atlas er ipſe laborat!
Vixque ſuis humeris candentem ſuſtinet axem.
OVID.

† Ginnunger, the Hawk.

‡Alſuither leaves the track of day,
And ſpreads thro' ether wild diſmay.

V.

Nations feel the earthquake's force:
The ſun maintains no equal courſe:
Storms, wide waſting thro' the air,
Their rage on plains and mountains bear.
Men aghaſt in vain enquire,
Whence the iterated ire?
Truths oracular ſubſide
*In limpid Mimer's angry tide:
When?—or where?—no mortal eye
Can read the coming deſtiny.

‡ Alſuither, one of the horſes of the Sun.

Utque labant curvæ juſto ſine pondere naves,
Perque mare inſtabiles nimiâ levitate feruntur;
Sic onere aſſueto vacuos dat in aëra ſaltus,
Succutiturque altè; ſimiliſque eſt currus inani.
Quod ſimul ac ſenſêre, ruunt, tritumque relinquunt
Quadrijugi ſpatium: nec quo prius, ordine currunt.

OVID.

* "In limpid, &c.—At this fount dwelt an oracle, whom the Gods uſed to conſult.

VI.

The Goddeſs from Aſori ſprung,
Gifted with prophetic tongue;—
She who her beheſts oft made
Beneath the †dew-diſtilling ſhade,
Long to ſojourn is decreed,
In vales that down to Hela lead.
Ivaldi ſons in ſcorn maintain
‡Iduna leaſt of all her train.

† "Dew-diſtilling ſhade,—The Aſh of Yggdraſil.

‡ Iduna, not the wife of Brag, but of the nation of the Aſori. Some think that this is the ſame with Volva in the deſcent of Odin, in ſpite of a few difficulties which attend this ſuppoſition. In one Ode the propheteſs is repreſented as wandering about clothed with the ſkin of a wolf, and maintaining a determinate ſilence; in the other, ſhe is repreſented as dead and in her grave; but being raiſed by the power of necromancy anſwering every queſtion which is propoſed to her. To clear up theſe difficulties, ſome have ſuppoſed that the power of Odin was greater than that of Heimdaller, and that might be the occaſion of her ſpeaking in one inſtance and not in another; and with reſpect to the difference of her ſituation in the two odes;

VII.

There in hateful durance pent,
In vain ſhe mourns her dire deſcent:
Doom'd in thoſe ſhades no joys to find
Aſſuaſive of her troubled mind.
A different fate ſhe once had known,
When gay the ſtar of fortune ſhone:
The joyleſs Nymph is doom'd to pine
Aſſociate now with Norver's line.

VIII.

Warrior Gods the maiden ſee
Prey to deep deſpondency:
Around her limbs they cauſe to float
In wolf-like ſhow a ſhaggy coat:
Her mind is faſhion'd to her lot,
And ev'ry paſt delight forgot.

they ſay, that poſſibly ſome mutilations might have taken place, which would have cleared up this objection. If this and the following Ode are connected together, the death of Balder muſt have been the circumſtance which threw the Aſi into ſuch alarm.

IX.

*Lo! from that river's fertile ſide,
Whoſe waves o'er golden ſhallows glide,
†Vidrir intent to know the fate
Suſpended o'er the Aſi ſtate,
Bids ‡Bifraſt's chief in compaſs brief,
Haſte and bring the quick relief.
Brag and Lok without delay,
He takes companions of his way.

X.

The chief and his attendants near,
Where high the myſtic towers appear,
Soft melodious accents pour
To the ſage preſiding power.
In *Hidſkialfa's lofty dome,

* "Lo! from that river's."—Giöll.

† VIDRIR.—A name of Odin ſignifying ſagacious.

‡ "Bifraſt's chief."—Heimdaller.

* HIDSKIALFA.—A palace of Odin: its name ſignified the terror of nations, becauſe he thence beheld every thing that was tranſacted in the world.

†Odin liſtens as they come:
Secrecy he beſt approves,
And far each prying eye removes.

XI.

Heimdaller, eloquent and wiſe,
Thus began the myſteries:—
Of all the ſylvan Gods that rove,
The hill, the fountain, and the grove;
Of each belov'd aſſociate here,
Beneath this dark infernal ſphere;
Say, can'ſt thou the hour declare,
When they leave the vital air?
What accidents their life attend?
And what their mortal courſe ſhall end?

XII.

Oft the maiden they invoke;—
No word oracular ſhe ſpoke:

† Odin,—Wiſhed to ſee and hear what was going on between Heimdaller and the Sorcereſs, and therefore ſends the Monoheroes to a diſtance, that they might not diſtract his attention.

A ſecret grief her eye reveal'd,
While motionleſs her lips were ſeal'd.
The Gods in vain attempt to hide
The big drops down their cheeks that glide:
O'er-moiſten'd hands at length diſplay
What ſtreams of anguiſh urge their way.

XIII.

As when from oriental ſkies,
Where Elivagi ſtreams ariſe,
The thorny wand, with giant might,
Is brandiſh'd o'er the realms of night:
(That wand with which the drowſy God
Subdues the nations to his nod,
When in his ſhadowy car he rides,
And o'er wild phantom'd dreams preſides.)

XIV.

Then mortals ſink ſupine to reſt,
By unſeen opiate charm oppreſs'd:
The nerveleſs arm inactive lies,
And daily vigor nightly dies.

*Even wakeful Gods its power feel,
And half ſubdu'd inconſcious reel.
Thus Dainer bids the wand of ſleep
Nightly o'er the nations ſweep:
The dizzy whirlings of his head
On all things round a torpor ſpread.

XV.

In ſullen, ſilent, abject mood,
As ſtruck by him Joruna ſtood:
The Gods in moveleſs, ſtrange ſurpriſe,
In vain expected her replies.
More ardent yet her words they ſought;—
Again repulſe freſh ſorrows brought:
Till vows and tears at laſt they find
Too weak to move her ſtedfaſt mind.

* "Even wakeful Gods."—Heimdaller is here particularly meant, who was the moſt vigilant of the Gods. Homer alſo had his wakeful hero,

Ὑπνε ἀναξ πάντων τε θεων πάντων δ' ανθρωπων.

XVI.

Then he who ſounds the ‡vocal horn
In Odin's halls, at early morn—
He, the embaſſy who bore,
Turn'd his ſteps nor queſtion'd more.
*Nala's ſon with ſpeed he took,
And ſad, Joruna's ſhrines forſook.
†The bard celeſtial ſtaid behind,
In hopes ſome favoring hour to find.

XVII.

The chiefs of Vidar thro' the ſkies
Where borne where ‡Vingolf's towers ariſe:

‡ "Vocal horn."—This was given to Heimdaller by Odin.

* NALA.—She was the mother of Lok.

† "The bard celeſtial."—Brag, who is celebrated for his poetical talents in the ſecond ode.

‡ VINGOLF.—The manſion of love and conviviality, ſacred to the Goddeſſes; and the abode of the juſt after death.

* The winds of Forniot urg'd their flight,
Before the rapid wheels of night.
There the Aſi ſons they find,
At banquet, in bright halls reclin'd.

XVIII.

†The God that holds the ſcales of right,
And quaffs nectarean bowls each night—
May he, they cried, ſecure maintain
The ſceptre of his guiltleſs reign;
Long may the Gods his praiſes tell,
Beneath his auſpices, who dwell;
And with immortal Odin ſhare
Pleaſures unally'd with care.

* "While wings of Forniot."—The ſon of this being preſided over the winds. It has been ſuppoſed that Heimdaller and Lok, in their return, took the form of ravens for the ſake of ſpeed, and that hence is derived the title of this ode.

† "The God."—Odin.

XIX.

*Baulverker ſtation'd ev'ry gueſt
That round the immortal banquet preſs'd.
Fam'd Sæhrimner was the treat—
The food that Gods delight to eat.
In ‡Mimer's bowls Skögula bore
Briſk metheglin brimming o'er.

XX.

The banquet done—the immortals grow
Impatient their ſucceſs to know:
Gods around Heimdaller preſs—

* BAULVERKER.—Odin, who preſided at the feaſt; its literal meaning is, author of calamities: but this muſt be underſtood in a limited ſenſe, as confined to thoſe who have merited puniſhment by their miſconduct.

‡ MIMER.—A name of Odin, derived from μιμεομαι; becauſe of his dexterity in changing himſelf into any form. The poſſeſſion of the bowls is rightly attributed to him who was the maſter of the feaſt.

*Lok, the Goddeſſes addreſs.
Tell us, they cried, what wond'rous thing
From the prophetic maid you bring,
While ſhades of night extend their reign
Over the wide etherial plain.

XXI.

Fruitleſs was our toil they ſaid ;—
Loath to anſwer was the maid.
The Gods aſtoniſh'd, plan again,
How beſt the anſwer to obtain.

XXII.

*Omi ſpoke, and ſtill profound
Held the liſt'ning Gods around :
Let each he cried, this night revolve,
What ſeems to him the beſt reſolve ;

* " Lok, the Goddeſſes."—It is difficult to account why the female divinities ſhould be particularly fond of Lok, ſince he was well known among them, as the moſt miſchievous and abandoned of the Gods.

* Omi.—A name of Odin.

Night, in ſable garb array'd,
†Will lend to thought propitious aid:
And what to each ſhall ſeem beſt done,
Let him declare by morrow's ſun.

XXIII.

On weſtern hills and o'er the main,
Where ‡Rinda's mother holds her reign,
*The wolf, refreſh'd with evening dews,
Swift the God of day purſues.
Up the thoughtful heroes roſe,
And bade each other ſoft repoſe;
While †Hrimfaxi ſwiftly flies,
Where Hropter with his conſort lies.

† "Will lend, &c."—So in the Iphiginia of Euripides, night is called *ευφρονη*.

‡ RINDA, was the daughter of the Sun ſpoken of by Vafthrudnis in the firſt Ode.

* "The Wolf,"—Fenrir was always ſuppoſed to follow the Sun.

† Hrimfaxi, means froſty mane.

XXIV.

With gems adorn'd, ‡Dellinger's ſon
Drove down the horſes of the ſun:
Far off their manes in ſtreaky beam,
Shone o'er the plains of Mannaheim.
Now, thro' the weſtern portals far,
Shot rapid the reſplendent car.

XXV.

Nymphs that mountain ſummits love,
And they who Thurſſian foreſts rove,
Soft Genii of the deep and air,
And wandering Nani, now repair
To where the Aſh extends its ſhade,
For ſleep and cool refreſhment made.

XXVI.

The Dynaſts wake from ſoft repoſe:
The ſun in bluſhing ſplendor roſe.

‡ Dellinger's Son, Dager.

Night, with all her ſhadowy train,
Sunk below the weſtern main.
*Ulfurna's ſon with joy awakes,
And ſwift his chearful clarion takes;
From dome to dome its call rebounds,
And each celeſtial rock reſounds.

* Ulfurna's Son, Heimdaller.

THE

SONG OF THE TRAVELLER,

OR

DESCENT OF ODIN.

THE

SONG of the TRAVELLER, &c.

I.

THE morn was up—the blaſt blew loud—
When now, their halls, the Aſi croud:
*Aſiniæ too the council ſeek,
Ever privileged to ſpeak.
Death of †Balder was the theme—
His thought by day, by night his dream.

* ASINIÆ, Goddeſſes, wives of the Aſi.

† BALDER, this God thought his life was in extreme danger, and told the dreams that he had to that effect to the other Gods. They agree to conjure away all the danger with which he was threatened. Frigga and Odin go through all nature and exact an oath from every thing not to hurt him. Odin ſtill fearing that danger might lurk ſomewhere, deſcends into Hela to conſult a

II.

A phantom, pale and bleeding roſe,
Ever as he ſought repoſe:
Ghaſtly viſions round him preſt,
And ſcar'd his midnight hours of reſt.
The Giants croud each ſacred fane,
Where Goddeſses preſageful reign,

famous ſorcereſs who lay buried there, by name Volva, to know if fate did indeed require that Balder ſhould die. In the mean time the Gods divert themſelves in a grand aſſembly, and Balder ſtood as a mark at which they threw darts and ſtones. But nothing injured him on account of the oath, by which every thing was rendered harmleſs. Lok perſonating an old woman, learnt from Frigga, that no oath was exacted from the Miſſeltoe becauſe it appeared young and feeble. Lok then returned to the ſports, and purſuaded Hoder who was blind, to throw a branch of Miſſeltoe at Balder, which piereed him through and killed him.

It would not perhaps be refining too much upon this circumſtance, to explain it as an Allegory; or to ſuppoſe that the diſturbance wrought among the Gods by the Miſſeltoe, was meant to expreſs the oppoſition which Odin's religion found from the Druids of the Celtic Nations.

To know the impending evil near,
Threat'ned by the nightly fear.

III.

The ſacred * oracles declare—
Balder muſt for death prepare!
Aſi ſad the tidings hear;
Frigga drops the impaſſion'd tear.
Digniſy'd in ſilent grief,
Odin ſeeks not ſuch relief:
But deeply ponders in his mind,
Safety for his ſon to find.

*"Oracles,"—There were formerly many oracles in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. That at Upſal ſeems to have been the moſt famous. Saxo Grammaticus mentions a very noted one alſo at Delia. Theſe differed very little from thoſe of Greece and Aſia, except in exterior ſplendor. Odin had the power of calling up the ſouls of the deceaſed, as appears from this Ode, to know what was tranſacting in diſtant countries. This ſeemed to be a kind of dernier reſort in caſes of great difficulty.

IV.

Let us, he cry'd, forbid to fly
The ſtormy powers that rule the ſky;
League with the light'nings; thunders chain;
And quell the uprifing, angry main:
Left, miſſion'd by the powers of fate,
They in direful ambuſh wait.
For Balder, Odin, thus afraid,
Peace with willing nature made;
And every jarring element,
For once harmoniouſly conſent.

V.

Still the father of the ſlain,
Felt a ſecret dread remain;—
Tho' nature's ſelf could not evade
Bonds and oaths ſo ſtrictly made;
Yet Fate, beyond his power to bind,
He knew might ſome expedient find.
Conven'd afreſh each warlike ſon—

Again the council is begun;
Various clamors rend the hall:
Odin heard and judg'd of all.

VI.

Then, upriſing from his place,
Odin—friend of human race,
Strait capriſon'd his ſteed—
Sleipner of etherial breed.
As down to Hela's realms he drew,
Thick the ſhades of darkneſs grew:
The Dog of Hell, with ceaſeleſs bay,
Purſu'd the trav'ller on his way.

VII.

Rous'd from his feaſt of death, with gore,
His ſhaggy limbs were crimſon'd o'er:
Still round his fangs the fibres hung,
Quiv'ring on his frothy tongue.
He bark'd! and thro' the void profound,
Hell re-echo'd to the ſound.

VIII.

With dauntleſs ſoul the hero rode;
Safe he reach'd the dire abode;
Now the ſacred portals preſt;
Trembling earth the God confeſt!
Towards the eaſt then bent his way,
Where low beneath the ſorcereſs lay.

IX.

With magic rites the concave rung;
Necromantic airs he ſung;
Hyperborean climates view'd;
*Runic rhymes around he ſtrew'd;

* "Runic rhymes."—The Scalds or Bards of the Scandinavians, boaſted a power of diſturbing the repoſe of the dead, and dragging them out of their gloomy abodes, by means of certain ſongs they knew how to compoſe. The ſame ignorance which made poetry be regarded as ſomething ſupernatural, perſuaded them alſo, that the letters or Runic characters, included in them certain myſterious and magical properties. There were letters or Runes, to procure victory, to preſerve

Deep the incantation wrought;
Then the maid ſepulchral ſought.
From the hollow tomb beneath,
Volva's voice was heard to breathe!

VOLVA.

What mortal he who dares invade
The dwelling where my bones are laid?
The ſnows of ages long I've worn;
Long the driving tempeſt borne;
Long the rains have drench'd my head;
Long I've moulder'd with the dead.

from poiſon, to relieve women in labor, to cure bodily diſeaſes, to diſpel evil thoughts from the mind, to diſſipate melancholy, and to ſoften the ſeverity of a cruel miſtreſs. They employed pretty near the ſame characters for all theſe different purpoſes, but varied the order and combination of the letters. They wrote them either from right to left, or from top to bottom, or in form of a circle, or contrary to the courſe of the ſun. Odin therefore is repreſented as uſing a ſimilar expedient

ODIN.

Vegtam is the invader's name,
Sprung from ſires of warlike fame.
Mortal truths will he reveal;
Thou no work of fate conceal.
Tell me for what hero's ſhade,
Yon ſeat with coſtlieſt care array'd.
Deſtin'd for whom, that radiant bed,
Rich with golden trappings ſpread.

VOLVA.

Lo! for Balder are decreed,
Pureſt bowls of honey'd mead:
Safe for him they lie conceal'd,
O'er canopy'd by yonder ſhield.
Drink of Gods ſhall Balder ſhare;
Aſi ſons ſhall drink deſpair.
More, unwilling I relate—
Leave me, mortal! to my fate.

ODIN.

Sorcereſs! obey my ſpell;
Ariſe and other ſecrets tell.
By whom ſhall hapleſs Balder fall,
Reft from Odin's chearful hall?

VOLVA.

Long in fate it is decreed,
Brother ſhall by brother bleed.
Eyeleſs Hoder ſoon ſhall throw,
The unſuſpected miſſeltoe:
Then ſhall hapleſs Balder fall,
Reft from Odin's chearful hall.
More, unwilling I relate—
Leave me, mortal! to my fate.

ODIN.

Longer from thy ſlumbers ſtay;
Volva! riſe and tell me, pray—
When time ſhall Hoder's guilt reveal,
What arm ſhall wield the avenging ſteel?

Who the foe of Balder ſlay,
And on the pile funereal lay?

VOLVA.

Where weſtern ſuns their circuit run,
To Odin, *Rinda bears a ſon.
Ere at night he ſeek his bed;
Ere in dew he bathe his head;
Or wildly ſtreaming to the air,
Trim the luxuriance of his hair;
He ſhall guilty Hoder ſlay,
And on the pile funereal lay:
More, unwilling I relate—
Leave me, mortal! to my fate.

*Rinda.—By her Odin had Vali. After Odin underſtands that his own ſon ſhould revenge the death of Balder, he aſks no more queſtions concerning the main object of his expedition; but leaves every thing then to the fates. The next thing he aſked, was meant to reveal his true character, by way of inſulting Volva, who had ſuffered herſelf to be deceived by him.

ODIN.

Once more now, propitious ſpeak,
Then my homeward way I ſeek.
*Who that virgin train declare,
Wailing with diſhevel'd hair—
They who now with ſwollen eyes,
Rend their veils with piercing cries?
Ere the incantation ceaſe,
Tell me this and take thy peace.

* "Who that virgin, &c."—An idea ſeems here to have entered into the mind of Odin, concerning the general lamentation which ſhould take place through nature, for the recovery of Balder from Hela. The ſtory is told thus in the Edda of Snorro.—Frigga wiſhed to recover Balder from Death, and for that purpoſe ſent Hermod to Hela, to perſuade her to give him up, aſſuring her at the ſame time, that all the Gods had been moſt ſeverely afflicted at his loſs. Hela told him ſhe would know whether it was true that Balder was ſo much beloved, as he had repreſented. She required, therefore, that all things animate and inanimate, ſhould weep for his death; and in that caſe ſhe would ſend him back to the Gods. The

VOLVA.

Miſts of death forſake my brow—
Regal Sire! I know now:
In Vegtam's borrow'd form appears
The dateleſs guardian of the ſpheres.

ODIN.

No longer I eſteem thee wiſe—
Maid! in ſtrength thy virtue lies.

Gods, on his return, ſent meſſengers throughout all the world, begging of every thing to weep, in order to deliver Balder from Hell. Then the meſſengers returned, concluding they had effectually performed their commiſſion: but as they were travelling along, they found in a cavern, an old witch, who called herſelf Thok; the meſſengers having beſought her, that ſhe would be ſo good as to ſhed tears for the deliverance of Balder; ſhe anſwered in verſes to this effect:—"Thok will weep "with dry eyes for the funeral of Balder; let all "things living or dead weep if they will: but let "Hela keep her prey!" It was conjectured that this curſed witch was Lok himſelf, who never ceaſed to plague the Gods. He was the cauſe that Balder was ſlain; he was alſo the cauſe that he could not return to life.

Gigantean ſons I ſee,
Sprung from ſuch a ſource as thee.

VOLVA.

Odin ! I thy viſit ſpurn,
Home in triumph now return !
Again no mortal ſhall preſume
To call me from my ſilent tomb ;
Till Lok indignant break his chain,
*Twilight round diſaſtrous reign,

* "Twilight round."—The great twilight of the Gods, when the ſun ſhall be darkened, the earth be overwhelmed in the ſea, the ſtars fall from heaven, vapor mixed with fire ariſe, and heaven itſelf begin to flame. Then Odin attacks the wolf, and is devoured. At that inſtant, Vidar coming forward, rends the monſter aſunder. Thor fights with the great ſerpent of Midgard, and is killed. The dog Garmer attacks Tyr, and both die in the conflict. Lok and Heimdaller fight, and mutually kill each other. It is thus deſcribed in the Voluſpa—" Heimdaller lifts up his crooked " trumpet, and ſounds it aloud. Odin conſults " the head of Mimer : the Aſh is violently ſhaken " and ſends forth a groan : The giant burſts his " irons. What is doing among the Gods? What

Muſpelli their banners raiſe,

" among the Genii? The land of the Giants is fil-
" led with uproar; the deities collect and aſſemble
" together. The dwarfs ſigh and groan before the
" doors of their caverns. Oh! ye inhabitants of
" the mountains; can you ſay whether any thing
" will yet remain in exiſtence?"

The deſcription that Seneca the tragedian has given of the end of the world, is not very different from the preceding one; his words are—

Jam jam legibus obrutis
Mundo cum veniet dies
Autralis polus obruet
Quicquid per Lybiam jacet, &c.
Arctous polus obruet
Quicquid ſubjacet axibus.
Amiſſum trepidus polo
Titan excutiet diem.
Cæli regia concidens
Ortus atque obitus trahet
Atque omnes pariter Deos
Perdet mors aliqua, et Chaos
Et mors et fata noviſſima
In ſe conſtituet ſibi
Quis mundum capiet locus?

†And Surtur wrap the world in blaze.

† "And Surtur wrap."—In this confuſion of all things, the army of evil Genii and Giants, conducted by Surtur, ſhall break in to attack the Gods. He ſhall ſcatter fire around every where, which ſhall conſume all things, and reach even to heaven. But preſently after, a new earth ſprings from the boſom of the waves, adorned with green meadows; the fields there bring forth without culture; calamities are there unknown; a palace is there raiſed, more ſhining than the ſun, all covered with gold. This is the palace which the juſt will inhabit, and where they will enjoy delight for ever more. Then the POWERFUL, the VALIANT, He who GOVERNS ALL THINGS, comes forth from his lofty abodes, to render divine juſtice.

THE

WISDOM

OF

ALVISS.

ARGUMENT.

This ode appears to be written to ſhew the excellence of the Icelandic language, in being able to furniſh ſuch a variety of names for every indivdual thing. Theſe, the tranſlator has been obliged to expreſs, in moſt inſtances, by a periphraſis. The ſubject of it is a certain Dwarf, who calls himſelf Alviss, or All-Wise, that prides himſelf in having ſeen the nine worlds, and makes a pedantic diſplay of his knowledge before Thor. He comes from Aſgard, to demand the daughter of Thor in marriage. Thor acknowledges that his daughter had been promiſed to him, but refuſes to give her up, on account of his abſence when the agreement was entered into. He, however, leaves the dwarf ſome hope of obtaining her, by the diſplay of his ſuperior knowledge. This he did for the purpoſe of detaining the dwarf till next morning; for he was of that ſpecies of Genii who ſhun the light. At the concluſion of the diſcourſe, the dwarf was forced to depart without his bride, and not without ſome danger of his life. By this artifice Thor ſeemed not to have violated the rights of hoſpitality, or to have broken his engagement; and the danger to which the dwarf was expoſed, could be attributed to nothing but his own temerity.

THE

WISDOM of ALVISS.

ALVISS.

I HAVE ſtrew'd each fragrant flower,
And deck'd with care the bridal bower:
Let the plighted virgin ſpread,
The nuptial veil around her head;
Bid her kindred long adieu,
And back with me her way purſue.
Years matur'd and youthful power
Loud demand the bridal hour.
Fate! forbid each rude annoy
To blaſt the ſpring time of our joy.

THOR.

What youth art thou approaching near,
With that pallid look of fear?

Late from climes doſt thou return,
Where flames of livid ſulphur burn ?
That thus, to each beholder's view,
Thou wear'ſt their derivated hue.
By all Valhalla's Gods I ſwear,
Hence my child thou ſhalt not bear !

ALVISS.

Alviſs my name—In ſhades I dwell,
Neighbouring to the ſhores of Hell.
There underneath a ſteep rock's ſide,
In caves of darkneſs, I reſide.
Late thoſe realms I left this night,
To wander till the morning light.
Let me not my errand rue,
Chieftain ! to thy word be true.

THOR.

Words are changeful as the wind,
And never meant a God to bind.
I the privilege will uſe,
A Huſband for my child to chuſe.

When ſhe was plighted to thy love,
With Gods I banquetted above.
*Dwarf, my laſt reſolve receive!
To thee my child I will not give.

*Dwarf.—The Dwarfs were a ſpecies of beings bred in the duſt of the earth; juſt as worms are in a dead carcaſe. It was in the body of the Giant Hymer that they were firſt engendered, and began to move and live. At firſt they were only worms; but by order of the Gods, they at length partook of both human ſhape and reaſon. They always dwell in ſubterraneous caverns, and among rocks.

Edda of Snorro.

This paſſage from Snorro deſerves attention. We may diſcover here, one of the effects of that ignorant prejudice, which has made us for ſo many ages, regard all arts and handicrafts, as the occupation of mean people and ſlaves. Our Celtic and Gothic anceſtors, imagining there was ſomething magical, and beyond the reach of man, in mechanical ſkill, could ſcarcely believe that an able artiſt was one of their own ſpecies, or deſcended from the ſame common origin. Let us conſider what might facilitate the entrance of ſuch an idea into their minds. There were, perhaps, ſome neighbouring people, who bordered upon one of

ALVISS.

Who is he that dares preſume,
Thus to fix a daughter's doom ?
Can he love's fierce fires controul,
Or chaſe the paſſions from the ſoul ?

the Celtic or Gothic tribes; and who, although leſs warlike than themſelves, and much inferior in ſtrength and ſtature, might yet excel them in dexterity: and addicting themſelves to manual arts, might carry on a commerce with them, ſufficiently extenſive to have the fame of it ſpread conſiderably far. All theſe circumſtances will agree very well with the Laplanders; who are ſtill as famous for their magic, as remarkable for the lowneſs of their ſtature: pacific even to a degree of cowardice; but of a mechanic induſtry, which formerly muſt have appeared very conſiderable. The ſtories which were invented concerning this people, paſſing through the mouths of ſo many ignorant relaters, would ſoon acquire all the degrees of the marvellous, of which they were ſuſceptible. Thus, as we ſee in ancient romances, the dwarfs ſoon became the forgers of enchanted armour, on which neither ſwords nor conjurations could make any impreſſion. They were poſſeſſed of caverns full of treaſure, entirely at their own diſpoſal. As the dwarfs were feeble and but of ſmall courage, they

All, believe me, know thy pride;
They know thy littleneſs beſide:
Where are the lands ſpread wide and fair,
That own thee for their rightful heir?

THOR.

Thor the thunderer! lo I ſtand—
I have travers'd every land:

were ſuppoſed to be crafty, and full of deceit and artifice. This, which in old romances is called DISLOYALTY, is the character always given them in thoſe fabulous narrations.

Even at this time, the notion is not every where exploded, that there are, in the bowels of the earth, *Fairies*, or a kind of dwarfiſh and tiny beings, of human ſhape, remarkable for their riches, their activity, and malevolence. Shakſpeare, availing himſelf of theſe popular notions, made, perhaps, a creation of his own, and amuſes the world, to this day, with the vagaries of Puck and Oberon. In many countries of the North, the people are ſtill firmly perſuaded of their exiſtence. In Iceland, they ſhew the very rocks and hills, in which they maintain, that there are ſwarms of theſe ſmall ſubterraneous men, of the moſt tiny ſize, but moſt delicate figures.

*Valfander is my glorious ſire!
Hence with unbleſt ſpeed retire.
Badly has thy errand ſped—
Thou my daughter ſhalt not wed.

ALVISS.

Truth and honor both conſpire
To make thee yield to my deſire.
But tho' thy ſcorn I plainly ſee,
Thy Son-in-law I ſtill would be.

THOR.

†Learned Gueſt! I wiſh to grant,
All thy ardent wiſhes want.
Freely I my daughter's charms,
Yield to thine expectant arms;
If by wiſdom thou can'ſt prove,

* VALFANDER, one of the names of Odin.

† "Learned Gueſt."—Thor changes his tone, and begins to flatter him, that he might more eaſily engage him in ſome long diſquiſition.

A juſt pretenſion to her love.
Thy ſtores of knowledge open now—
I will queſtion—anſwer thou.

ALVIS.

Tho' thy purpoſe Thor! I know,
The trial I will undergo.
I'll unravel ev'ry maze
Malicious artifice can raiſe.
Skill'd in myſteries profound,
I have travell'd nine worlds round!

THOR.

Alviſs, lift the veil that hides,
Where nature ſecretly reſides.
For gentle Dwarf! I know thee well—
Maſter of each myſtic ſpell.
What name is to that Glebe affign'd—
The fertile nurſe of human-kind?

ALVISS.

They, who ſpring from mortal birth,
Call that glebe the parent earth:
Aſi, unexhauſted wealth;
Source of happineſs and health:
Vani, with preſageful mind,
Grave and ſtorehouſe of mankind:
Giants, who to woods reſort,
A ruſſet champaign for their ſport:
Alfi, born to gentler doom,
Treaſury of vernal bloom:
Gods, whom heaven and earth obey,
Call it by the name of clay.

THOR.

Alvis! lift the veil that hides,
Where nature ſecretly reſides:
For gentle Dwarf! I know thee well,
Maſter of each myſtic ſpell.
What titles do the heavens receive,
'neath which the race of mortals live?

ALVISS.

Mortals call the heavens on high
The blue pavilion of the ſky:
Gods above, the exterior rind,
Form'd the kernel earth to bind:
The heavens, Vani, call the ſource,
Whence ſweep the whirlwinds angry courſe:
Giants, who in war delight,
The plain where Gods contending fight:
Alfi, with domes emblazon'd high,
The ſtarry cieling of the ſky:
Duergi ſons the concave view,
And call it parent of the dew.

THOR.

Alviſs! lift the veil that hides
Where nature ſecretly reſides:
For, gentle Dwarf, I know thee well—
Maſter of each myſtic ſpell.

What names denote the Queen of night,
That guides the lone heath-wanderer right.

ALVISS.

Mortals call that orb of light,
Friendly viſitant of night:
They who o'er the heavens preſide,
Ruler of the ſwelling tide:
Who in ſhades of Hela lie,
The wandering ſiſter of the ſky:
Giants hail the moon afar,
Swift meſſenger from ſtar to ſtar:
Nani, call her milder ray,
Handmaid to the God of day:
Alfi, name the changeful ſphere,
Regulator of the year.

THOR.

Alviſs! lift the veil that hides,
Where nature ſecretly reſides:
Tell me, gentle Dwarf! the name,
Borne by yon daily wandering flame.

ALVISS.

Sun by thoſe the nations rove:
Star of day by Gods above:
Pygmies, the ſolar regent call,
*The fiery petrifying ball:
Giants, the fountain ever bright,
Of unexhauſted heat and light:
Alfi ſons, the etherial car
That ſends its bickering radiance far.
Aſori, ſplendid God of Fire,
Whoſe roving ſootſteps never tire.

THOR.

Alviſs! lift the veil that hides,
Where nature ſecretly reſides:
Tell me what names the clouds denote,
That widely o'er the nations float.

* "The fiery."—The Duergi or Pygmies were a nation of Genii who ſhunned the light; and it was anciently believed, that if ever they were expoſed to the rays of the ſun, they would be turned into ſtone.

ALVISS.

Men, call the clouds that ſail on high,
The fertile ſhadowings of the ſky:
Gods, whom indignation warms,
The flying magazine of ſtorms:
Vani, wiſe in myſtic things,
Chariots of contending winds:
Giants, call the cloudy train,
Omens of deſcending rain:
Alfi ſons, ſince time began,
Stormy viſiters of man:
The Hela race, who dread the light,
Call them the friendly veils of night.

THOR.

Alviſs! lift the veil that hides,
Where nature ſecretly reſides:
Tell me what names denote the wind,
That ſweeps unſeen o'er humankind.

ALVISS.

Men call the winds o'er earth that fly,
Contending brethren of the ſky:

Gods, who on their boſom glide,
Name them their ſoft etherial tide:
Leſſer deities, who rove
By hill, by fountain, or by grove,
And love the gentle pure ſerene,
Call them the noiſy ſons of ſpleen:
Giants, when they thunder by,
Name them the clarions of the ſky:
Duergi, view a wreathing ſnake,
When eddying guſts a whirlwind make.

THOR.

Alviſs! lift the veil that hides,
Where nature ſecretly reſides.
What are the names that ocean bore,
Since man advent'rous ploughed it o'er?

ALVISS.

Man, who within its boſom pries,
Calls it the *mirror of the ſkies:

* "Mirror of the ſkies."—
Nuper me in littore vidi

Cum

Gods, that thro' all nature view,
The eternal ſource of rain and dew:
Vani, the vagrant of the ſhores,
Meand'ring thro' a thouſand pores:
Giants, the ſtormy ocean make,
The wide dominions of †the ſnake:
Alfi, name the ocean bed,
Source of ev'ry fountain head:
Duergi ſons, who o'er it ſweep,
Call it the unfathomable deep.

THOR.

Alviſs! lift the veil that hides,
Where nature ſecretly reſides:
The names of Fire now recite,
That cheers the gloomy brow of night.

Quum placidum ventis ſtaret mare.

VIRGIL.

εις αλα δερκομενα, ἵα δε νιν καλα κυμαἵα φαινει
ασυχα καχλαζονἵα, επ αιγιαλοιο θεουσαν.

THEOCRITUS.

† "Of the ſnake."—The ſerpent of Midgard.

ALVISS.

Mortals know it by the name
Of ſoul-invigorating flame:
Alfi, call the glowing hearth,
Centre of convivial mirth:
Vani ſons, the latent tide,
That flows thro' all creation wide:
Giants, the unconquerable power,
Doom'd creation to devour:
Duergi ſons, a priſoner mild,
But freed from chains, a maniac wild;
Hela, the tyrant of a day,
Ruling with reſiſtleſs ſway.

THOR.

Alviſs! lift the veil that hides,
Where nature ſecretly reſides:
Tell me what names to woods belong,
Reſounding oft with vocal ſong?

ALVISS.

Men call the wild impervious wood,
The empire of the ſhaggy brood:

Heroes of celeſtial birth,
The briſtles of the monſter earth:
The infernal train that Hela fills,
The unſhorn honors of the hills:
Giants call each woodland maze,
Food of all-conſuming blaze:
Alfi, nymphs whoſe ſpreading arms,
Shine annually with vernal charms:
Vani, call the cloud-capt pine,
Wand of potentates divine.

THOR.

Alviſs! lift the veil that hides,
Where nature ſecretly reſides:
What titles by the night are claim'd,
Offspring of black Norver nam'd.

ALVISS.

Mortals proclaim the pitchy night,
Day of fanciful delight:
Gods declare the ſullen hour,
Dewy nurſe of plant and flower:

Giants, call it time obſcure,
When Genii to deſtruction lure:
Alfi, the dark myſterious womb,
Whence dreams in bright ſucceſſion come.
Duergi, hag, whoſe myſtic ſweep,
Weaves the ſubtle web of ſleep.

THOR.

Alviſs! lift the veil that hides,
Where nature ſecretly reſides.
Tell me what names the harveſt yields,
That waves o'er bright autumnal fields.

ALVISS.

Mortals call the auſpicious grain,
Golden effluence of the plain:
Gods, that roll the circling ſphere,
The laſt, beſt bounty of the year:
Vani, wealth, with ſweat and toil,
Extracted from the ſtubborn ſoil:
Giants, who delight in blood,
Call the harveſt, courſer's food;

Alfi, who at feaſts regale,
Name it ſtamina of ale:
Duergi, call the golden leas,
Bending path-ways of the breeze.

THOR.

Alviſs! lift the veil that hides,
Where nature ſecretly reſides:
Say what denotes the mantling ale,
On which the ſons of earth regale?

ALVISS.

Mortals call it liquor rare,
To ſoothe the ſullen brow of care:
Alfi, drink of power divine,
To make the face of ſorrow ſhine:
Vani, call the amber bowl,
Source of vigor to the ſoul:
Giant ſons, the potent charm,
That ſtimulates to fight the arm:
Hela's race, the nobleſt meed,
That Gods to mortals have decreed:

Suttungi ſons, the beverage praiſe,
And call it length'ner of days.

THOR.

Alviſs! I've never ſeen I vow,
A mortal half ſo wiſe as thou:
But ſtill thy wiſdom could not ſee,
The depth of my duplicity.
Haſte, Dwarf! up eaſtern hills afar
Dellinger drives his glittering car.

THE

FABLE

OF

FIOLSUID.

ARGUMENT.

Suipdager is a young man of an illuſtrious family, who was deſtined to marry a regal virgin, whoſe name was Menglada. But before the nuptials were celebrated, according to ancient cuſtom, he went to acquire glory in a warlike expedition. In the mean time, it is probable that many ſtrove to gain the affections of his miſtreſs; whoſe offers, however, ſhe faithfully rejected, and whoſe company ſhe avoided. She dwelt in a manſion that was excellently defended by ſtrong fortifications without, and by perſons who were attached to her within. We underſtand alſo, that it was defended by certain fires which ſurrounded it. Suipdager, after long abſence, returns in diſguiſe, for the purpoſe, perhaps, of trying her fidelity, about which ſome injurious reports had been raiſed. Coming to the gate, he meets with one Fiolſuid, who was ſtationed there as a guard. Fiolſuid abuſes him, and denies him entrance. Suipdager, although ordered to depart, yet pertinaciouſly remains about the gate. After he had known from Fiolſuid, that Menglada reſided in the manſion, he began to propoſe queſtions in an enigmatical manner, which Fiolſuid readily anſwered. The queſtions and anſwers are at this time equally obſcure. The obſcurity, however, reſts in the things themſelves, not in the words.

THE

FABLE of FIOLSUID.

BEFORE the palace gates *he ſaw
The Giant forth his legions draw.
Stranger hence! the chieftain cry'd,
To thee all entrance is deny'd:
Back thro' the marſhy plains retreat,
That hither lead thy wand'ring feet.

FIOLSUID.

What ſtranger he, in tatter'd ſtate,
Who loiters round this palace gate?
Art thou a robber in diſguiſe?
Or mendicant that lives by lies?
Whence thy journey, tell—and where—
And what thy errand here declare.

* "He ſaw." Suipdager.

STRANGER.

What rude barbarian ſtation'd here,
Thus with taunts invades my ear;
And to a trav'ller dares deny,
The rights of hoſpitality?
Back with ſpeed thy footſteps bend,
And ſhame for this thy life attend.

FIOLSUID.

Stranger! Fiolſuid I am nam'd,
For prudence I and wiſdom fam'd:
On mendicants that croud this gate,
I ſquander not my Lord's eſtate.
Speed thee on thy deſtin'd way;
Or at thy peril, Villain! ſtay.

STRANGER.

Where tower's magnificent ariſe,
Oft the poor man turns his eyes;
"Lord of this wealth," he cries, "ah! why

" Feaſt mine eyes, and bread deny ?
" Ceaſe, ceaſe to ſpread ſo fair and wide,
" Thoſe riches that my wants deride."
Joyleſs, like him, I now behold
Theſe roofs emblazon'd high with gold.
But tho' misfortune me attend,
May'ſt thou thy days in pleaſure ſpend.

FIOLSUID.

Unfold what names thy parents bear,
And what their lineage declare.

STRANGER.

Know Vinkalder is my name;
From old Valkalder firſt I came.
Should you trace my kindred higher,
You'll find Fiolkalder his ſire.
Tell me, Fiolſuid! in return,
The ſecrets I would wiſh to learn.
What happy potentate is heir
Of all theſe lands out-ſpread ſo fair.

FIOLSUID.

O'er all theſe wide-ſpread rich domains,
Fair Menglada juſtly reigns.
Her ſire was Suafer—in the field
No foe with him the ſpear could wield.
Thoriner call'd the Hero ſon,—
Brave offspring, from juſt parent ſprung.

VINDKALDER.

Say what name for her is found,
Among the nations neighb'ring round:
For Gods above the maiden ſtile,
Unequal'd architect of guile.

FIOLSUID.

*When ſhe ſpeaks, the rocks around,
Re-echo with the thunder's ſound.

* "When ſhe ſpeaks."—Fiolſuid, like a faithful guardian, gives a frightful deſcription of Menglada, that he might deter the ſtranger from any attempt to ſee her.

Mortals at her voice afraid,
Thrimgialla name the maid.
Solbrinder's progeny with guile,
Around her rais'd this loſty pile.
What bold advent'rer ſhall preſume,
To free her from her priſon gloom,
Shall to the wild winds vainly groan,
Fix'd as in everlaſting ſtone.

VINDKALDER.

Say, what name denotes that pile,
Whoſe mazy lab'rinths Gods beguile.

FIOLSUID.

That houſe, Gaſtropner, mortals name,
A ſtructure of immortal fame:
I the towers built ſtrong and high,
And bade them time and ſtorm defy.

VINDKALDER.

When the hoſtile giant train,
Vanquiſh'd, left the enſanguin'd plain;

Say, what titles were aſſign'd,
To the fierce dogs they left behind;
That in the fields their vigils hold,
And night and day protect the fold,

FIOLSUID.

One purſu'd his prey with ſpeed,
And Gifer was the name decreed:
The other was in combat brave,
And man the title, Gerer, gave.
Along the winding vales they go,
And keep at diſtance ev'ry foe:
Eleven folds by night and day,
They watch, till Gods the guardians ſlay.

VINDKALDER.

Say, if mortal can evade,
The hoſtile dogs in ſlumber laid.

FIOLSUID.

By turns the wary guardians ſleep,
By turns their wakeful vigils keep.

Their cuſtom this, ſince firſt at large,
They rov'd about the eleven-fold charge.
Thus none their notice can elude,
Or in their precincts ſafe intrude.

VINDKALDER.

Defended by what potent charm,
May one approach ſecure from harm;
And whilſt to hunger, watching yields,
Ruſh into thoſe forbidden fields?

FIOLSUID.

Shook by the blaſt, deſcends the fruit,
In cluſters round the antique root
Of yonder tree—the only charm,
That can the monſters rage diſarm:
Tempt them with this luſcious treat,
Forgetful of their charge, they eat.

VINDKALDER.

Say, what names denote that tree,
Of umbroſe prodigality;

That o'er all lands where men reſide,
Extends its verdant branches wide?

FIOLSUID.

Whence ariſe its roots below,
Few there are pretend to know.
'Tis TREE of EMULATION nam'd,
And widely thro' the nations fam'd.
Its boughs no tempeſt can annoy,
Nor fire burn, nor ſteel deſtroy.

VINDKALDER.

Shall the vigor of this tree,
Survive thro' all eternity?
Since ſtorms can work it no annoy,
Nor fire burn, nor ſteel deſtroy.

FIOLSUID.

Fruit of this tree, prepar'd with heat,
Let each pregnant woman eat;
So ſhall the embryo of her womb,
Safe to infantine vigor come.

Prudent mortals may not chuſe,
But largely of this fruit to uſe.

VINDKALDER.

Perch'd on yon lofty top branch high,
What Cock is that ſalutes my eye?
His ſtation ſafe he ſeems to hold;
And all his feathers ſhine with gold.

FIOLSUID.

Vidofner is the name they give—
His plumes the morning gales receive;
Then bright he ſhines midſt orient beams,
And faireſt bird of nature ſeems.
Far oft his echoing notes reſound;
But ſcatter miſery around:
His ruffled plumes with luſtre ſhine,
But all their influence is malign.
Dark author, he, of many a groan,
Eats his dire repaſt alone.

VINDKALDER.

Say, could one hope, by force or art,
To reach Vidofner with a dart ?
And thus with retribution meet,
Bring him from his direful ſeat.

FIOLSUID.

Hevatein is an arrow's name,
That never diſappoints the aim.
Lopter endu'd it with that ſpell,
Where priſon'd ghoſts in darkneſs dwell.
A brazen vaſe the reed contains,
Where iron handed Sinmor reigns :
There nine times is it circled round,
With barriers in the abyſs profound.

VINDKALDER.

Is ſafe return for him decreed,
Who boldly ventures for this reed ?

FIOLSUID.

Safe return for him's decreed,
Who boldly ventures for the reed ;

If Genii of the *lucid clay,
He take companions of his way.

VINDKALDER.

Does mortal man the power hold,
By force of diamond or gold,
Safe to the drear abode to preſs,
And bribe the lurid Gianteſs?

FIOLSUID,

†A ſhining blade, you'll find beneath,
Vidofner's wings—that ſafely ſheath,
And bear it to thoſe martial plains,
Where iron handed Sinmor reigns.
Arm'd with this he'll boldly dare,
The ſtorm of battle to prepare.

VINDKALDER.

What does man yon manſion name,
Surrounded by protecting flame?

* "Lucid clay."—The Earth.

† "A ſhining blade."—A Feather.

FIOLSUID.

Becauſe its high dome like a ſtar,
Shoots its lucid radiance far;
Mortals thence derive its name.
And call the manſion, HOUSE OF FLAME.
As on a faulchion's point ſet faſt,
It moves to to ev'ry random blaſt.
This fabric, tott'ring to its baſe,
Is heritage of human race.

VINDKALDER.

What walls are thoſe within that ſhine,
As founded by ſome power divine?

FIOLSUID.

*On them are ſculptur'd many a name,
With Lok's, the Imp of ſubtle fame.

* "On them, &c.',—The names are Uni, Iri, Barri, Ori, Varns, Vegdraſil, Derri, Uri, Dellinger, Atvarder. Theſe are ſuppoſed to be the names of certain dwarfs; and each wall to be built by the individual whoſe name it bears.

VINDKALDER.

What is that rock whoſe craggy head,
Bends incumbent o'er its bed;
While on its lofty top I trace,
A virgin form of goodlieſt grace?

FIOLSUID.

The ROCK OF PLEASURE is the name
Thoſe rude majeſtic ſummits claim.
There round the convaleſcent's brow,
Gales ſalubrious ever blow.
The ſigh of anguiſh never there,
Rends the pure elaſtic air.
Happy! thrice happy! is her lot,
Who gains that life inſpiring ſpot:
For pain, and malady, and care,
It med'cines from each ſuff'ring fair.

VINDKALDER.

What names denote that virgin croud,
Whoſe ſongs ſymphonious echo loud;
As ſeated at Menglada's knees,
They charm the Genii of the breeze?

FIOLSUID.

*The firſt that's ſeen with Goddeſs face,
Is guardian of the etherial race:
The next the giant brood defends:
The third o'er man her care extends:
The fourth all learning's ſtores combines:
The fifth in milder virtue ſhines:
Graces ſupreme the ſixth adorn:
The ſeventh is fair as vernal morn:
The eighth each healing flow'ret knows.
On plain or mountain brow that grows:
The ninth fair nymph aſſumes the part
Of Guardian to each liberal art.

* "The firſt, &c."—Theſe are the nine muſes of the northern nations. Sir W. Jones informs us, that the Aſiatics alſo have their nine Gopia or Muſes. This is one among the many circumſtances which leads one to ſuſpect, that the Mythology of the heathens originated, at firſt, from one and the ſame ſource. The names of the Northern Muſes are Hlif, Hlif-durſa, Theodrarta, Beort, Blith, Blithur, Frith, Eir, and Aurboda.

VINDKALDER.

Will the nymphs their vot'ries aid—
Thoſe by whom due rites are paid?

FIOLSUID.

Never to thoſe of mortal birth,
Of happineſs ſo great a dearth,
As when to theſe they altars raiſe
Beneath the ſcorching day ſtar's blaze.
Each vot'ry at their cruel ſhrine,
Feels envy's ſerpents round him twine.

VINDKALDER.

Is it given to mortal arms,
To embrace Menglada's matchleſs charms.

FIOLSUID.

Deſtined for Suipdager alone
Long the maiden's charms has ſhone
In radiance like the ſtar, whoſe light
Chears the ſullen brow of night.

VINDKALDER.

Lift the maſſy barriers high !
Bid the portals open fly !
Beauty is the glorious meed,
By Gods, to Suipdager decreed !
Menglada will not diſapprove
The offer of my deſtin'd love.

FIOLSUID.

Hear, Menglada ! to this ſphere,
From diſtant lands a man draws near.
Dogs, as he approach the gate,
The welcome gueſt congratulate.
The doors themſelves wide open fly :
'Tis Suipdager that paſſes by.

MENGLADA.

Where the vaſt Portico's ariſe,
Let ravens gorge upon thine eyes ;
If falſely, from a diſtant land,
Thou ſay'st my Lover ſeeks my hand.

MENGLADA.

On what journey art thou bent?
Thee what motive hither ſent?
Tell me what thy parents names;
What nation thy protection claims;
And all thy pedigree explain,
Ere my hand thou hope to gain.

VINDKALDER.

Suipdager ſpeaks at thy deſire—
Solibarter was my ſire.
Far from my home beat to and fro,
I've wander'd long where froſt winds blow.
The power of *the fatal maid,
No earth-born ſufferer can evade:
Not lightly I the power arraign,
That taught me firſt to taſte of pain.

MENGLADA.

My ev'ry wiſh I've now attain'd,

* "The fatal maid."—A perſonification of fate.

In ſafety Suipdager I've gain'd.
May Gods propitious thee defend,
And joy thy future life attend.
If ever I have pleaſure felt—
(A boon to me but rarely dealt,)
'Tis now to ſee my lover's face,
And claſp him in my warm embrace.

Oftimes, companion'd with deſpair,
I've outwatch'd the midnight Bear;
At ev'ry ſound that ſmote my ear,
Hope falſely whiſper'd, thou wert near.
Oftimes by day exalted high,
I've caſt around the wiſtful eye:
For thee, ſeen ſuns ſucceſſive riſe,
And chas'd them to the weſtern ſkies.

I too long time have ſought thy charms—
Now haſte thee to thy lover's arms.
Adverſe fate no more ſhall frown;
But joy our future moments crown.

THE

SONG

OF

HYNDLA.

ARGUMENT.

In this ode, which is ſometimes called the *Voluſpa brevior*, a certain woman is introduced, ſoliciting Freyia to ſettle the diſpute between Ottar and Angantyr, concerning their right of inheritance, by unfolding their ancient genealogies. It happens in this ode, as it does indeed in many of the Edda, on account of the careleſſneſs of tranſcribers, that no proper diſtinction of perſons is preſerved: therefore many parts are ambiguous, if not obſcure, which belong even to the argument itſelf. For firſt it is uncertain what perſon this Freyia is, whether ſhe be a Goddeſs or a Mortal. Trofœus was of the latter opinion; though it is moſt probable ſhe was Odin's wife. Then it may be aſked, who was Hyndla? She was ſaid to dwell in a cave, and might be, perhaps, one of the Gianteſſes, who was gifted with the power of prophecy. This is all that can be aſſerted of her; for ſhe does not appear to have been a Goddeſs. Ottar is the hero of the Ode, whoſe pedigree is ſo pompouſly related; but what perſon he was, and in what condition, we are not informed. It is uncertain, alſo, whether or not he was preſent at the diſpute. If he was, it ſeems to have been merely as an hearer, under the form of a boar, leſt he ſhould be known by Hyndla, who ſeemed to have favored his rival Angantyr. Freyia begins to ſpeak—

THE

SONG of HYNDLA.

I.

Beauteous virgin! riſe from ſleep—
With me this nightly vigil keep:
*Siſter Hyndla! leave thy cave,
And unexplor'd adventures brave.
Shades of night the mountains hide:
Let us two together ride,
Far off to †manſions of the ſlain,
Where Odin holds his peaceful reign.

II.

Now the nations' guardian pray
To ſhine propitious on our way.

* Siſter.—Hyndla was not the Siſter of Freyia who ſpeaks, but this was ſaid to flatter her.

† "Manſions of the ſlain."—Valhalla.

'Tis he who fallen virtue lifts,
And graces with celeſtial gifts.
He to mighty Hermod gave
The helm, the hauberk, and the glave:
To Segmund too, when war was near,
Conſign'd the unconquerable ſpear.

III.

Victory binds the warrior's brow,
To Odin, who performs his vow:
A different votary ſhall find
Fortune to his hopes prove kind:
The God to others will impart
The gift of all-perſuaſive art:
Knowledge with her ſtores ſhall grace,
The benefactors of their race:
He who o'er the ocean ſails,
Shall find from him propitious gales:
To prompt the ſympathetic tear,
To bid the purple tyrant fear,
And trance with joy the raviſh'd mind,

*Theſe to poets he aſſign'd:
To heroes Odin will ſupply
Strength to vanquiſh or to die.

* "Theſe to Poets."—The origin of Poetry being an Allegory not altogether void of invention, it ſhall be here related:

AN ICELANDIC TALE.

The Gods of the North had formed a man much in the ſame manner as the Grecian Deities are ſaid to have formed Orion. This man was called Kauſer. He was ſo clever, that no queſtion could be propoſed which he was not able to reſolve: he traverſed the whole world teaching mankind wiſdom. But his merits exciting envy, two Dwarfs treacherouſly ſlew him; and receiving his blood into a veſſel, mixed it up with honey, and thence compoſed a liquor, which renders all thoſe who drink of it Poets. The Gods miſſing their Son, enquired of the Dwarfs what was become of him. The Dwarfs to extricate themſelves out of the difficulty, replied, that Kauſer had died, ſuffocated by his knowledge, becauſe he could not meet with perſons to eaſe and unburthen his mind to, by propoſing to him ſo many learned queſtions as was neceſſary to his relief. But their perfidy was afterward diſcovered by an unexpected accident.

IV.

†At ſhrines of Thor by me decreed,
Daily ſhall the victim bleed.
Ceaſeleſs I'll the God invoke,
To guard thee from the wizard's ſtroke,

Theſe Dwarfs having drawn upon themſelves the reſentment of a certain Giant, he ſeized and expoſed them upon a rock ſurrounded on all ſides by the ſea. In this frightful ſituation, their only

† "At ſhrines."—The prevalence of ſacrifices among the heathen, is very remarkable.

Di, quibus imperium eſt pelagi, quorum equora curro,
Vobis lætus ego hoc candentem in littore taurum
Conſtituam ante arras, voti reus; extaque ſalſos
Porriciam in fluctibus & vina liquentia fundam.
VIRGIL.

Quis non altaribus illis
Irrita thura tulit? quoties pro conjuge conjux,
Pro nato genitor, dum verba precantia dicit,
Non exoratis animam finivit in aris,
Inque manu thuris pars inconſumpta reperta eſt!
Admoti quoties templis, dum vota ſacerdos
Concipit, & fundit purum inter cornua vinum,
Haud expectato ceciderunt vulnere tauri!
OVID.

And ever round thy ſacred head,
His adamantine ſhield to ſpread:
*Tho' virgins of the giant train,
Such favor cannot hope to gain.

V.

Take with expeditious hands,
The wolf that in yon ſtable ſtands;

recourſe was to purchaſe their deliverance at the price of that divine beverage. The Giant being ſatisfied with this ranſom, carried it home, and delivered it to the cuſtody of his daughter Gunloda: hence poetry is indifferently, in alluſion to the ſame fable, called, "The Blood of Kauſer:" the "Beverage," or, "The ranſom of the Dwarfs, &c."

This valuable acquiſition was eagerly ſought after by the Gods, but very difficult to obtain, becauſe it was concealed under rocks. Odin was nevertheleſs determined to try for it, and he made the attempt in the following manner: Transforming himſelf into a worm, he glided through a creviſe into a cavern where the beverage was kept.

* "Tho' virgins."—There was perpetual enmity between Thor and the race of Giants.

Let him ſtrait the chariot grace,
Harneſs'd with the magic trace.
The boar too tardy will delay
Our journey thro' the etherial way.
I will haſte with quickeſt ſpeed,
And ſaddle my immortal ſteed.

Then reſuming his natural ſhape, and gaining the heart of Gunloda, he prevailed on her to let him drink three draughts of the liquor entruſted to her care. But the crafty Deity, reſolving to make the moſt of his advantage, pulled ſo deep, that at the laſt draught, he left none behind him in the veſſel; and transforming himſelf into an Eagle, flew away to Aſgard, to depoſit in ſafety, the precious treaſure he had obtained. The Giant who was a Magician, inſtantly diſcovered the artifice that had been practiſed, and changing himſelf alſo into an Eagle, flew with all ſpeed after Odin; who had almoſt reached the gates of Aſgard. Then the Gods all ran out of their palaces to aſſiſt and ſupport their maſter; and foreſeeing that he would have much difficulty to ſecure the liquor, without expoſing himſelf to the danger of being taken, they immediately ſet out all the veſſels they could lay their hands on. In effect, Odin finding he could not eſcape but by eaſing himſelf of that burthen which retarded his flight, inſtantly filled all the pitchers

HYNDLA.

Doſt thou by artifice intend,
My mind to ſome dark plot to bend.
A latent roguery I deſcry,
Sparkling in thine azure eye.
Ottar's youthful charms, I fear,
To Odin bodes ſome miſchief near.

with this miraculous liquor: and from hence it has been diſtributed among both Gods and men. But in the hurry and confuſion in which the liquor was diſcharged, the bulk of mankind were not aware that Odin only threw up part of it through his beak; the reſt was emitted in an oppoſite direction: and as it is only the former liquor that this God gives as a beverage to the good Poets, whom he would wiſh to animate with a divine inſpiration: ſo it is only the latter ſort that falls to the ſhare of bad rhymers; for as this flowed from its inferior ſource in the greateſt abundance, the Gods beſtow it in liberal draughts on all that will apply: this makes the crowd very great about the veſſels; and this is the reaſon why the world is overwhelmed with ſuch a redundance of wretched verſes.

Do not incantations uſe,
Thy huſband's goodneſs to abuſe ;
And make him unſuſpecting ſhow
Favor to his rival foe.

FREYIA.

The words of Hyndla puzzled ſeem
Like wilder'd ſhapings of a dream.
Well thou know'ſt, a man no more—
Ottar perſonates the boar.
His back with gilded briſtles ſhines ;
His voice with grating harſhneſs whines.
Will the father of the ſlain,
By favor thus his honors ſtain ?

HYNDLA.

Let us rather now diſcourſe
About fit trappings for the horſe ;
Then ſoaring 'bove all leſſer things,
Talk of the lineage of kings :
Of heroes who far back can trace
Kindred with celeſtial race.

No haughty rival ſhall withhold
From Ottar his paternal gold.

IX.

Ev'ry nerve I willing ſtrain,
That he his long loſt right may gain:
That right, by care parental left,
Unjuſtly from the hero reſt.
He rais'd a temple to my name,
And juſtly may my favor claim:
Far off its cryſtal turrets ſhine
As built by architect divine.
And daily at my altars fall
The lowing victims of the ſtall.
Ottar on me relies for aid,
And well his truſt ſhall be repaid.

X.

The * Odlingi ev'ry chief applauds;

*Odlingi.—This family took its name from Odi the ſon of Halfdan. He and his brother Budlin are ſaid to have conquered Saxony and Gaul, and to have reigned there.

†Ylfingi emulate the gods.
Let us then in order trace
The hiſtory of each martial race.
Whence came the ‡Skiöldungi fame?
Adn whence Skilfingi's glorious name?
What firſt bade private worth ariſe,
Adorn'd with titles of the ſkies?
What powers the monarch's brow array,
With beams unborrow'd of the day?

XI.

Ottar's wreaths unſully'd ſhine,—
Sprung from Innſtein's glorious line.
Innſtein can a lineage claim
From matchleſs Alf, grown old in fame.

†Ylfingi.—It is uncertain from whence this family derived its name, whether from Ulf the great-grandfather of Ottar, or Alf, or laſtly from Oler the ſon of Dager, nephew of Halfdan.

‡Skioldungi.—There are two families of this name, one of Daniſh kings, from Skiold the ſon of Odin, and another of the kings of Norway, from Skiold, the ſon of Skelter, nephew of Halfdon.

From Sæfar, Alf his race begun;
He was red hair'd Suaner's ſon.

XII.

Grac'd with jewels Innſtein led
Ottar's mother to his bed.
Hledîſa was the maiden's name;
Far blazon'd for prophetic fame.
Her ſire was Froder; Friant fair
Firſt tender'd her, maternal care.
Theſe o'er many a ſubject land
Held the ſceptre of command.

XIII.

*Auli ſtrong up tore with eaſe,
Firm rock-rooted foreſt trees.

* "Auli."—Saxo Grammaticus relates many things concerning this perſon. Among others he mentions his having been engaged in naval wars with the neighbouring kings, and alſo that leagued with Ring, he had undertaken a war againſt Harold.

Halfdan ſhone in ſceptred pride,
'Bove all who o'er the world preſide.
Theſe from many a well fought plain
Have borne the trophies of the ſlain;
While far o'er earth's remoteſt bounds
The glory of their deeds reſounds.

XIV.

The ſons of †Halfden round him ſpread
Their ſhields when youthful vigor fled.
In youth with retribution due,
He in battle Sigtryg ſlew.
Twice nine brave Sons the monarch told,
From Almveig ſprung, renown'd of old.

XV.

Skilvingi, Skiöldungi too,
Hence their natal honors drew.

† HALFDEN.—A King of Norway, of whom very little is known, except that he carried his arms far into the Eaſt, and ſlew Sigtryg in ſingle combat.

To ſires like theſe, Ynlingi trace,
The blood of their illuſtrious race.
Nobles and princes down this line,
In long deſcent unbroken ſhine.
Such anceſtry can Ottar boaſt,
Till far in fabled ages loſt.

XVI.

Hilldegunda was the dame
Whence beauteous Almveig ſprung to
fame.
In Suava's arms, of chaſte deſire,
A regal Sailor was her ſire:
Such anceſtry can Ottar boaſt,
Till far in fabled ages loſt.
Let Ottar glory in his race!
Shall we other heroes trace?

XVII.

Dager beauteous Thora led—
Source of heroes—to his bed.

Thence a race of warriors came,
High enroll'd in deathleſs fame:
Frodmar and Gyrder, brave as wiſe,
And hence the *wolfiſh brethren riſe.
Joſurmar here, and Aunner too,
And aged Alf their being drew.
Let Ottar glory in his race!
Shall we other heroes trace?

XVIII.

The praiſe of heroes I reſound!
Of Ketill, ever faithful found.
Klyp illuſtrious was his heir—
Grandſire called to Friant fair.
Ketill was brave Froder's ſon;
From Kari he his race hegun:
But Alf, with time-thin'd locks, was grey
Ere theſe beheld the light of day.

*"Wolfiſh brethren."—Gerr and Freker; theſe were, moſt likely, heroes, who for certain qualities, were denominated wolves.

XIX.

*Nanna's beauties grace his ſtock,
Deſcended from illuſtrious Nock.
With her parent, Alf could claim
The honors of a kindred name.
But, loſt in time, in vain I trace
The antique honors of the race.
Other heroes now I tell—
I knew Brod and Horver well.
Such anceſtry can Ottar boaſt,
Till far in fabled ages loſt!

XX.

Iſol and Aſol equal ſhare,
Aulmoder's paternal care:
In cheerful halls he ſpent his life;
Skurkilld was the hero's wife.
Chiefs and Princes down this line,
In long deſcent unbroken ſhine.
Such anceſtry can Ottar boaſt,
Till far in fabled ages loſt!

*Nanna,—Was the mother of Alf.

XXI.

In rolls of fame *ten heroes ſhine,
Sprung from Arngrim's glorious line.
Such anceſtry can Ottar boaſt,
Till far in fabled ages loſt!

XXII.

As trees that feel the mountain blaſt,
Their ſtrength'ned roots more widely caſt;
So nurs'd in ſtorms, thoſe heroes grew,
And thence unconquer'd brav'ry drew.
Torrents with impetuous ſway,
Sweep the proſtrate folds away:
Autumnal flames with whirlwind force,
Diſpeople foreſts in their courſe:
Berſerki thus, thro' regions wide,
Scatter'd deſolation's tide.
Such anceſtry can Ottar boaſt,
Till far in fabled ages loſt!

* "Ten heroes."—Their names are Gunnarr, Grimer, Thorer, Ulf, Bui, Brami, Barri, Reifner, Tinder, and Tifringer.

XXIII.

Other heroes now I tell—
I knew Brod and Horver well.
In halls of Rhalf, with dance and ſong,
Their youthful moments paſs'd along.
Theſe, with Jormuker, kindred hold—
Son-in-law of Sigurd bold.
Hear me, Hyndla! now relate,
Fafner born to hapleſs fate.
I the hero knew full well—
Beſet with cruel bands he fell.

XXIV.

He a regal office bore,
From *Vaulſung ſprung in days of yore.
†Hiördiſa I can trace
From Herodunger's giant race,

* VAULSUNG.—Was the paternal grandfather of Sigurd.

† HIÖRDISA.—Was the mother of Sigurd, deſcended from Halfdan.

‡Elymi on his father's ſide,
Came from Odlingi's valiant tribe.
Such anceſtry can Ottar boaſt,
Till far in fabled ages loſt!

XXV.

Gunmarr and Hogni both may claim,
From Guiker their paternal fame.
Gudruna too, a father's love,
Did from the hoary chieftain prove.
Guttormer, from a diff'rent ſource,
Dates his not ignoble courſe:
His ſire the ſame—but to his bed,
A foreign damſel he had led.
Such anceſtry can Ottar boaſt,
Till far in fabled ages loſt!

XXVI.

Harald known by teeth of gold,
Sprung from Hræreker of old.

‡ Elymi.—Was the father of Hiordiſa, deſcended from the family of the Lofdungi.

Hræreker was Odar's ſon :
From Juar Oda's fame begun.
To Radbard, Randver was the ſire—
Youth of ev'ry maid's deſire.
Theſe with heroes were enroll'd,
Whoſe deeds delighted Gods behold.
Such anceſtry can Ottar boaſt,
Till far in fabled ages loſt !

XXVII.

Eleven Aſi heroes roſe,
Ere Balder's ſpirit found repoſe.
Witneſs of his daring wrong,
With indignation Vali ſtrong,
Swift his ſword vindictive drew,
And brother for loſt brother ſlew.
Such anceſtry can Ottar boaſt,
Till far in fabled ages loſt !

XXVIII.

From Bur, the ſire of Balder came,
A chieftain of no trivial fame.

Freyer's bed did Gerda grace,
From Gimer ſprung, of giant race:
Her mother, Orbod, mortals call,
Fam'd for her hoſpitable hall.
Thiaz, magnificent and good,
Derives from her his kindred blood.
From him a lovely virgin came—
Skada, among the Gods her name.

XXIX.

Deeds immortal I unfold!
Mighty deeds remain untold!
To earth my ſtrains do not belong:—
Other heroes claim my ſong.

XXX.

Haki, grac'd for virtues mild;
Huda, boaſted for her child;
Huda, for female virtue fam'd,
Hiorvard for her ſire claim'd;
Hroſsthiover, and Heider too,
Life and fame from Hrimner drew.

XXXI.

What ſemales from Vidolva ſprung
Magic incantations ſung:
Deeply vers'd in myſtic ſpell,
The future, Vilmeid's ſons could tell:
The wiſeſt of the human race,
The lineage of Suarthof grace:
And laſt the giant ſons of earth,
From Ymer celebrate their birth.

XXXII.

Deeds immortal I unfold!
Mighty deeds remain untold!
To earth my ſtrains do not belong:—
Other heroes claim my ſong.

XXXIII.

Of elder time *a hero came
Recorded in the rolls of fame.
The Gods to him reveal'd their lore,
And wiſdom open'd every ſtore.
On a green ſmooth-ſhaven bank,
Where ſuns the dews of morning drank,

* "A hero came"—HEIMDALLER.

Nine virgins knew prolific joy,
And bore conjoint the wond'rous boy:
With garlands wreath'd his infant head,
And mildeſt virtues round him ſhed.
He was fed by ocean's wave;
Earth to him her tribute gave;
For him rich cenſers ſmoak'd around,
And blood ſacrific dy'd the ground.

XXXIV.

Deeds immortal I unfold!
Mighty deeds remain untold!
To earth my ſtrains do not belong:—
Other heroes claim my ſong.

XXXV.

Father'd by Lok—the graceleſs God,
The wolf aroſe from Angurbod.
That ſtill the ſun ſhould yield its light,
And moon irradiate the night,
Lok, compell'd by coward fear,
Led the mare of Sleipner near,
Where journey'd ſober on his courſe
The horſe endu'd with magic force.

XXXVI.

Of ev'ry ſteed, thro' hill or dale
That ſnuff'd the fragrance of the gale,
Suadilfar higheſt bore her head,
And fleeteſt thro' the paſtures fled.
A wondrous courſer was her ſire—
Byleiſt with noſtrils breathing fire.

XXXVII.

Not Gods above, or man can praiſe,
Lok, the Imp of evil ways.
Smoking on the cindery ground,
An half-burnt ſorcereſs heart he found.
He by female arts was won,
And all his high-born hopes undone.
Ever from that luckleſs time
Deep he plung'd in ev'ry crime.

XXXVIII.

Billowed ocean roars aloud,
And lambent ſweeps the impending cloud;
Its exhalations round the world
Are by the tempeſt's fury hurl'd :

From thence the fleecy ſnows ariſe,
And angry whirlwinds ſhake the ſkies:
Thence round ev'ry mountain's head
Storms dark low'ring firſt were bred.

XXXIX.

Exalted in celeſtial ſtate,
*One there is ſupremely great.
To him the Lord of mortal things,
Earth her various tribute brings:
The ſons of ages him applaud,
As greateſt, wiſeſt, ſtrongeſt God.
He guides at will the wand'ring ſpheres,
His voice obedient nature hears.

XL.

†In after times, of greater fame,
One ſhall come I dare not name.
Few there are pretend to ſee
Farther into deſtiny,

* "One there is."—Suppoſed to be meant Thor.

† "In after times."—This is ſpoken concerning Surtur.

Than when with inauſpicious rage,
Odin ſhall the wolf engage.

XLI.

*Go! to the ſovereign of thy heart,
The draught memorial impart,
That mindful he the things may tell
Which from thy lips of wiſdom fell;
When he, with Angantyr the bold,
Diſcourſe in anceſtry ſhall hold.

XLII.

Hyndla! hence with ſpeed ariſe—
Sleep hangs heavy on my eyes.
The northern teem ſhall drink the main,
Ere favor thou from me obtain.
To friendſhip cool, go burn with luſt,
Unboſom'd to the midnight guſt:

* "Go to."—This verſe is ſpoken by Hyndla.

Sport with thy lovers like the fawn,
And curſe the prying eye of dawn.

XLIII.

Warm'd with infuriate ardor rove;
Enjoy each unſelected love;
Liſt to the ſtealthy midnight tread,
Of lovers to thy reeking bed.
Delicious wanton! ſwift, ariſe,
While ſhelter'd by ſtill night's diſguiſe.
Sport with thy lovers like the fawn,
And curſe the prying eye of dawn.

XLIV.

Thee, ling'ring wood-nymph, I'll ſurround
With flames deep drawn from hell's profound.
Safe priſon'd then, in central fire,
Vain ſhalt thou ſtruggle to retire.
Haſte, hateful trait'reſs! burn with luſt,
Unboſom'd to the midnight guſt:
Sport with thy lovers like the fawn,
And curſe the prying eye of dawn.

XLV.

*Earth in ruins meets mine eyes!
I ſee hateful flames ariſe!
All are doom'd to tread the road
That leads to Hela's dark abode.
But ere on day mine eye-lids cloſe,
And ſpirit find its laſt repoſe,
Kind Goddeſs! to vile Ottar bear
The goblet drugg'd with bitter'ſt care.
I the deadly portion view,
Venom'd with dark night-ſhade dew!

XLVI.

Empty viſions round thee preſs,
To mock thy gaze of wretchedneſs.
Tho' gigantean be thy train,
Thy imprecations all are vain.
He ſhall quaff th' immortal bowl,
That glads each high celeſtial ſoul:

* "Earth in ruins,"—This verſe is ſpoken by Hyndla.

Ottar, ſhall the Gods decree
Their comrade in felicity.

E N D.

ERRATA.

Page	Line		
23	3,	A Note miſplaced, which belongs to the fifth line of the next page.	
24	4,	for *pinion,*	read pinions.
32	3,	for *fled*	— fed.
39	2,	for *E'er*	— Ere.
61	14,	for *fonts*	— founts.
64	5,	for *Squirril,*	— Squirrel.
64	12,	for *bronze*	— brouſe.
97	3,	for *E'er*	— Ere
109	7,	for *battles*	— battle's.
119	12,	for *fought,*	— fought'ſt.
128	11,	for *E'er.*	— Ere.
123	14,	for *E'er,*	— Ere.
181	8,	for *main,*	— mane.
184	16,	for *oftimes,*	— oftimes.
263	2,	for *length'ner,*	— lengthener.
298		for *Hyndla*	— Freyia.

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